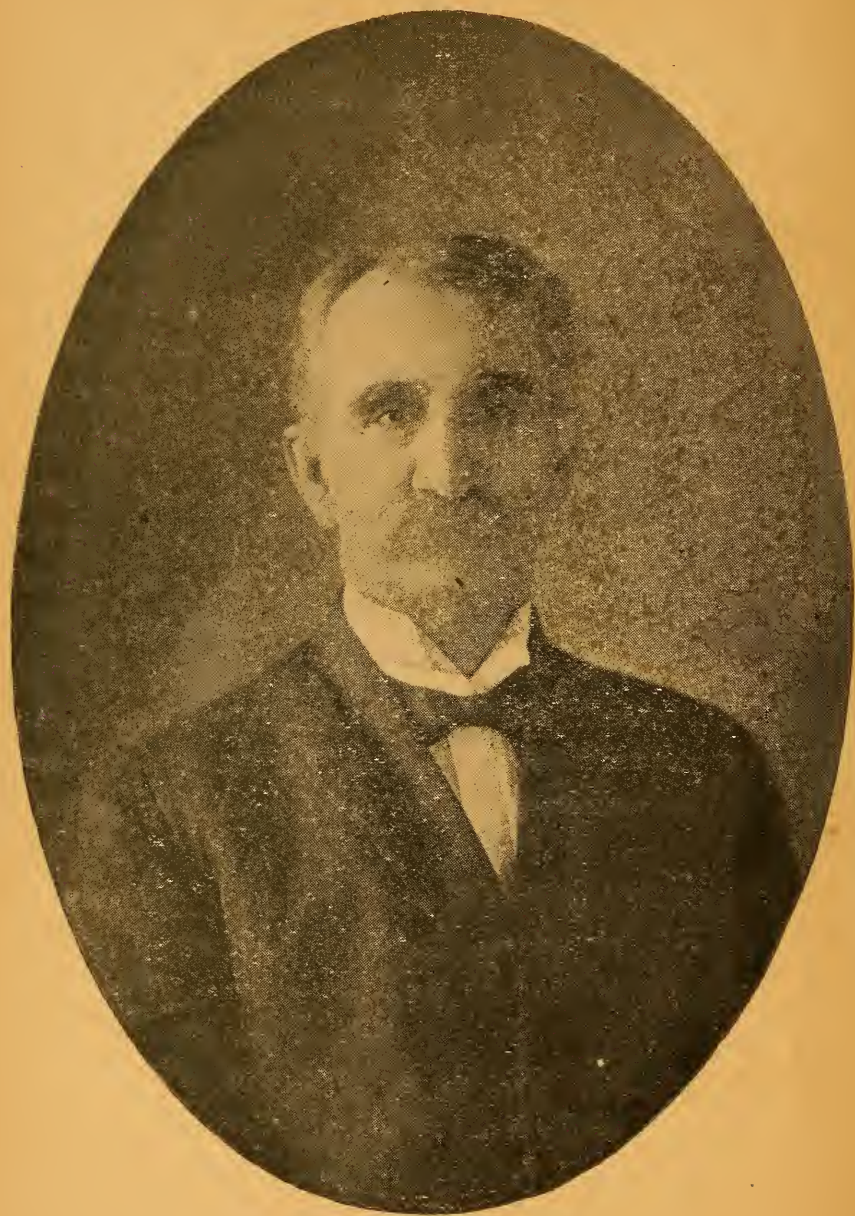


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1921



David B. Metcalf

HEART-FELT
P O E M S

— B Y —

DAVID B. METCALF

Honi soit qui mal y pense

"Evil be to him who evil thinketh."

D. B. METCALF, PUBLISHER
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1921

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P R E F A C E

IN presenting this volume of poems to the public and my readers,

I would state that I do not do it in an egotistical spirit, whatever, as I heartily despise *insufferable egotism*. This book is simply one of newspaper poems, published in some of the leading newspapers of the United States, as follows: The New York *Star Journal*, the *Waverley Magazine*, of Boston, the New York *Family Story Paper*, the *New York Weekly*, Philadelphia *Press*, Cleveland *Leader*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Chicago *Tribune*, Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago *Chronicle*, and others, not necessary to mention.

My first poem was published in the New York *Star Journal* in 1872, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote for the *Waverley Magazine* of Boston, the same time I did, under the name of Ella Wheeler; James Whitcomb Riley wrote for the Indianapolis *Journal* at that time, in the 70's and 80's. I received a letter from James Whitcomb Riley three months before his death, in July, 1916, in answer to mine, complimenting me on the verses I had sent him. I may be criticised as being *too sensational* in some of my poems, but I would rather be that way than too much otherwise, like a floating iceberg, congealing the hearts of those about me.

There are two classes of poems—the "Heart-felt Poems," and the "Intellectual Poems." I give my book the title of "Heart-Felt Poems", as coming from the heart as well as the head. No poet who does not feel what he writes will not touch the hearts of those around him, except his own heart is in it, for his poems will be as a "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

I wish to say right here in this preface, that American literature is not encouraged as it should be, and that the *Press* is in a great measure responsible for it. Instead of encouraging young ambi-

tious writers of genius to mount upward, critics often throw out jibes and sneers at them, and sarcastically making the remark, "A Spring Poet," when, perhaps, that *spring poet* has more good common sense than their critics have.

In the ancient days of Greece and Rome, even the Grecian and Roman emperors vied with the poets of that day in writing verse—such as the Grecian emperor, Dionysius, and the tyrant emperor Nero, of Rome, both of whom vied with the poets in writing verset like the Grecian athletes vied with each other in their Olympian games.

Poetry is acknowledged far superior to prose, in expressing the noble aspirations of the soul, and no difference how intellectual a poem may be, if the heart is not in it, it will amount to nothing. I read of a poet-laureate of a foreign country in celebrating a victory in verse, whose poem fell below the standard because his heart was not in it. He knew, as poet-laureate, that it was his duty to write a grand poem, but it was more of the intellect than the heart, hence it fell flat.

I am not mercenary. I have not made anything by my poems. I wrote more to seek to benefit and encourage humanity than anything else, for my heart was in it ever since I was seventeen years of age.

I hope the day may soon come when our nation may become unique in American literature, and second to none in the encouragement of its young, ambitious writers, though they may be but "diamonds in the rough," in polishing them so that ere long they may shine as writers of genius, to dazzle and honor the nation in which they live.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1921.

DAVID B. METCALF.

SHORT SKETCH OF THE BUSINESS LIFE OF DAVID B. METCALF

Written by himself

DAVID BROWN METCALF, was born October 26, 1851, in West Point, Hardin County, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio River. At five years of age, 1856, he came with his parents to Illinois, settling in Pittsfield, Pike County, the county seat of said county. From there the family moved to Griggsville, in the same county, in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, where the subject of this sketch attended the grammar and high school of that place.

In the summer of 1868, he with the family left Griggsville, and came to Decatur, Macon County, Ill., where, at the age of 17 years, David B., was apprenticed as a "devil" in a printing office—the *Gazette and Chronicle*, a Republican weekly, published by Captain William J. Usrey, a Civil War veteran. After working six months on this paper, he worked for Mr. Wm. H. Addis, on the Decatur *Democrat*, after that on the Decatur *Review*, and lastly on the Decatur *Daily Republican*, published by Hamsher & Mosser.

During his work on the Decatur papers, from 1868 to 1880, besides writing poems for the Chicago, Boston and New York papers, he also acted as a local correspondent for Chicago and St. Louis papers.

He went to Chicago in the spring of 1882, and worked at his trade there until the fall of 1887, when he left for Fort Scott, Kansas, to take the formanship of the Fort Scott *Daily Monitor*, but after the expiration of a year he went from there to Kansas City, Mo., where he worked as a compositor on the Kansas City *Times* until the spring of 1891, when he returned to Chicago, where he has since worked at his trade in the leading job printing offices

of the city, and also the book offices.

For the past year and a half he was engaged as a compositor on one of the leading Chicago magazines, until June 15, 1920, when he resigned his position, and has started a small printing plant of his own.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1921

D. B. M.

TO THE YOUTH

THE Youth, who 'mid harrassing cares,
 Shall strive to banish his gloomy fears,
 And bravely thro' fiery trials pass,
 Tho' thick they come, *en masse*,
 Shall sooner or later gain the day,
 Tho' fools and scoffers 'round him bray,
 And ridicule him with idle jeers,
 While adding to them insulting sneers.
 He'll cast aside such worthless fools,
 While sense and judgment in him rules,
 And strive with all his power and might,
 To nobly live, and battle for the right.

DECORATION-DAY POEMS

THE HEROIC DEAD

REST, ye heroes, sweetly rest,
By a Nation fondly blest ;
Who wrought victory from defeat,
Brought the traitor to their feet ;
A Nation's gratitude be your praise,
Honored by the minstrel's lays.

Fond, fair hands will garlands weave,
On your silent tombs to leave
As a token of their love,
For brave souls now gone above,
As the starry flag still waves
O'er the sainted heroes' graves.

Yours it was to do and die,
Fearless sons of victory ;
Yours it was to break the way
For sweet Peace again to sway
Her bright sceptre o'er our land,
Saved by your departed band.

Loyal hearts with reverence bring.
As a simple offering,

Flowers, fragrant, bright and fair,
To each mound so silent there ;
Deck each sacred spot of those
Honored by their vanquished foes.

Freedom's sons, peacefully rest,
As sweet flowers are fondly prest
By fair hands upon each tomb,
As like incense their perfume
Rises softly on the air,
Mingling with the breath of prayer.

STAND BY OUR DEAD

STAND by our dead ! Ah, yes, we will !
What loyal soul would wish them ill ?
Or cast upon the hero's name
The brand of infamy and shame ?
What paltry sums can ere repay
Sweet Freedom's sons, who in the fray
Sealed with their blood her righteous cause,
And held inviolate her laws.

Ah ! holy is the ground where lies
A nation's loyal sacrifice ;
The kindred of the sleeping braves
Will never want, while Freedom waves
Her blood-stained banner o'er our land,
And true and just souls have command.
With reverence, o'er each hero's grave,
Scatter sweet flowers ! Our dead—the brave !

OUR SLEEPING HEROES

REST you, brave sons, in sweet repose,
For 'bove your graves still fondly glows
In Heaven's bright sunlight, fair and free,
The ensign of our liberty,
Whose folds untrammelled kiss the breeze,
As far aloft sweet melodies
Throughout the boundless welkin ring,
As voices of our heroes sing.
Sweet Freedom bathes with pearly tears
The graves of her brave chevaliers,
As, bending low her beauteous head,
She weeps o'er her heroic dead.

Sleep on! For fond hearts, true and brave,
Will wreath with flowers each soldier's grave,
As, like sweet incense on the air,
Voices ascend in silent prayer,
Breathing a pure and holy love,
Caught by winged seraphs from above;
As on th' eternal scroll of fame
Glitters untarnished the hero's name;
As over land and over sea
Still floats our flag so proud and free,
Triumphant in sweet Freedom's cause,
Defended by her righteous laws.

Aye! holy, tranquil be your rest,
O loyal sons, by Freedom blest!
Fair hands will wreath each hallow'd tomb

With flowers, whose incense shall perfume
The whisp'ring airs that softly sigh
O'er those who did so bravely die;
A Nation's meed shall be your praise.
O God! to Thee would fond hearts raise,
In deep thanksgiving and in prayer,
The name of those brave sleepers there;
Protect sweet Freedom, and may we be
Forever free from tyranny.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

REVERENCE still those brave defenders, honor to the sleepers
brave;
Cover with fragrant flowers, adorning each lone, hallow'd
soldier's grave;
Fearless they in time of battle, conquerors on the gory field,
True to God, and home and country, Freedom's flag to ever
shield.
Naught can dim the lasting glory of the hero's deathless
name,
For upon his proud escutcheon resteth not the brand of
shame.
Mighty is the army sleeping in its lasting, long repose,
Reverenced still with admiration, e'er alike by friends and foes.
Still in a fond retrospection, I see ranks go filing by,
As upon the breeze afloat comes the loud triumphant cry
Of the conquerors home returning with a firm and martial
tread,

Victory perched upon their banner as it proudly floats e'erhead;
As in long and dim procession they pass by in grand review,
Soldier boys—our noble heroes—wearing still the loyal blue.
Hail! thou fearless sons of Freedom; still in memory thou
 shalt be
Dear to all, with revered honored in the blest land of the
 free.

When from Charleston first resounded the grim cannon's
 sullen roar,
As the tocsin of war rebounded 'long the vast surf-beaten
 shore,
And from center to circumference as if from an earthquake's
 shock,
People started from their slumber, and *en masse* began to
 flock—
How from shops and fields and hamlets came our sons to
 volunteer,
Bid farewell to sister, mother, all they held to be most dear;
Go on to the field of battle, like brave souls to nobly die,
O'er whose graves the flowers are blooming and the scattered
 roses lie.

Wreath bright flowers as a fond token, on the soldier's tomb
 to place,
For beneath that turf, a-resting, lies a true heart of his race,
Which once beat with fond emotions to each dear and loving
 call
Of the father, of the mother, of the sister, yet to fall;
Yet he fell a loyal hero, and as years shall glide away,

Some fond heart will ever cherish that sweet name as yet
to-day ;

As in dim-like retrospection still will rise in grand review
Ranks of our brave boys a-marching in the honor'd loyal blue.

THE BAND OF HEROES

O SLEEPING braves, above your graves
The emblem of the Free still waves.
Sweet be your rest, forever blest,
O valiant sons ! On Freedom's crest
Your names in golden letters burn ;
No traitor's name we there discern.

Above your graves sweet Freedom stands,
With swinging censer in her hands,
Whose perfumed incense floats above,
Upon the snowy wings of Love ;
With gaze aloft she sees her band
Of heroes in th' Elysian Land.

"Brave sons," she cries, "heroic band
Of fair Columbia's blood-bought land !
Receive your meed—a Nation's praise,
As on your mounds doth rev'rence gaze ;
As soft, fair hands weave garlands o'er
The tombs of those whom I adore."

Sleep on, ye brave ! No warlike din

No roar of cannon or culverin
Breaks your repose! Your foes draw near,
The tombs of brave men to revere;
For there they see no brand of shame
To tarnish your heroic name.

Then wreath with flowers each hero's tomb,
In beauty let them ever bloom
Above the sleeping forms of those
Who feared not death or dastard foes.
As calmly sleeps the gallant band,
Honor th' liberators of our land.

IN MEMORIAM

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

This noted American poet passed away on October 30, 1819, after her visit to England in regard to the Red Cross relief work of the European War, her death resulting from exposure to the weather.

SHE passed away like flowers at eve,
From a world of sin and sorrow,
Far better she, than we who grieve
Oft' o'er a gloomy 'morrow ;
Loved poet of Columbia's land,
Now in that heavenly land of bliss,
Bright spirit with the angelic band
From such a world as this.

Well can Wisconsin point with pride,
To her fair poet known to fame,
Well can America e'er decide
To honor her untarnished name ;
Beloved by all who knew her well,
Whose winning ways won hearts of all,
As her influence with its magic spell,
Did many souls with joy enthrall.

Bright spirit in that Eden land,

Where perfumed flowers immortal grow,
We yet shall greet thee on the strand
Of the crystal sea with its shimmering glow,
In God's eternal land of light,
Where departed ones in concord meet,
We'll hail thee, clothed in spotless white,
Where joys will ever be complete.

Garland with sweet flowers her sacred tomb,
Well worthy she of all your praise,
For life eternal lights the gloom,
As we our voices to Heaven raise;
Fond poet, we will not say *farewell*,
But *goodbye*, till we meet again,
In the heavenly land, where loved ones dwell,
As breathes sweet music's soft refrain.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT

This distinguished General of the Civil War and twice President of the United States, died during the month of July, 1885. The following poem was written three months before his death.

BRAVE hero undaunted, by perils surrounding,
Staunch patriot who fought for a proud Nation's weal,
The foes of thy country defeating, confounding,
Well may proud Columbia thy virtues reveal;
When the cannon's sullen roar from Charleston resounded
As the tocsin of war, for thy country's fair fame
Sprang thou to the front, as thy trusty steed bounding
Bore its chieftain to win a proud conqueror's name,

Above thee waved the starry banner of Freedom,
Unsullied and free, o'er brave boys in blue,
Led on by their chieftain, as death's hail did rattle
'Round brave, loyal souls, so fearless and true.
'Mid the thunders of war thy voice was heard ringing
Its clarion notes o'er the vast, gory field,
Cheering on thy brave men, till Victory, a-winged,
Cast her mantle on the hero who never would yield.

From red fields of carnage the hero triumphant,
Crowned with wreaths of victory to Columbia came,
And she blest the brave warrior, and as Chief of the Nation
He added greater luster to his bright star of fame.
Proud Greece, haughty Rome may boast of their heroes,
Foreign powers extol their heroes so brave,
But Columbia can point with pride to her hero,
Whose bright star will radiate beyond the dark grave.

Honor then to our nation's brave, gallant defender ;
Resigned to life's ills he still is the same ;
Heroic in affliction, and still uncomplaining,
He smiles on his loved ones, tho' feeble life's flame.
Death hath no terrors for heroes undaunted ;
Come in what shape it may they stand to their arms,
And brave their last foe with that calm, self-possession
Which give them the victory and quell all alarms.

Resplendent forever be thy bright star of glory,
As the flag of thy country from sea unto sea
Triumphantly waves o'er the homes of the freemen,
As devotion to God softly whispers of thee.
The great God of battles protect and defend thee,
A Nation's devotion be thine evermore ;
For dear to the heart of a Nation forever
Will be the brave hero, when this life is o'er.

EMMA ABBOTT

One of America's celebrated opera singers who died at Salt Lake City,
Utah, January 5, 1891.

FAREWELL ! sweet and lovely singer,
Loved by all who knew thee well,
Thy fond spirit ne'er shall linger
Longer with its magic spell
On life's stage, to cheer the weary,
When thy voice with sweet refrain
Sounded o'er life's pathway dreary,
Songs we'd love to hear again.

Dead ! ah, no, but softly sleeping,
For above in Heaven's pure light.
Where sweet eyes unknown to weeping
Greet that land of God so bright—
Her bright spirit lisps the praises
Of one great eternal love.
Peace to thy ashes 'neath the daisies
Spirit in God's home above.

Other harps may sound thy praises,
Other voices sweetly tell
Of the fair ones 'neath the daisies
Who once wrought the magic spell ;
Yet one harp is silent lying,
Still the sweet and warbling tongue,
As the crimson day is dying,
With its joyful songs unsung,

Bring bright wreaths of fairest roses,
Deck earth's monumental shrine
To her memory, who reposes
Sacred, pure, and now divine.
In the palace, cottage lowly,
Souls will lisp thy name in prayer,
As with angels, pure and holy,
Thou their joys with them wilt share.

Fare-thee-well ! in joy or sorrow,
Sweet to all will be thy name ;
As apace comes each to-morrow,
On the dazzling scroll of fame—
All will read of thy devotion,
Virtues crowned, with sweet success,
'Mid a world of dire commotion,
And thy name to ever bless.

JAMES G. BLAINE — "THE WHITE PLUMED KNIGHT"

It was at the Republican National Convention, held at Cincinnati, in the fall of 1884, that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll nominated James G. Blaine for President of the United States, and in an eloquent speech, called him "The White Plumed Knight."

FARE-THEE-WELL! in all thy glory; tho' thy golden star hath set,
 Tho' Death claims himself a victor, and a Nation's eyes are
 wet

With its tears at thy departure, yet thy star again will rise
 Fairer yet, and still more radiant in God's fair. celestial skies,
 Ah! thy name it was a magic, and thy fame went on before
 Echoing down life's winding pathway, 'long Time's dim and
 misty shore;

Knight of sweet and holy Freedom, champion of her sacred laws,
 In the forum nobly standing, to defend her righteous cause,

In the halls of legislation oft' thy voice rose to defend
 Rights of a united people, as their staunch and steadfast friend;
 Champion of impartial justice, pillar of a Nation's power,
 Victor in life's great arena in the dark and trying hour.
 Can a Nation e'er forget thee? Can it add much to thy praise?
 When at eve the sun is setting, and its bright and golden rays
 Tinge thy grave with radiant glory, as the flowers above it there
 Shed their fragrance in the twilight o'er the sleeper in God's
 care,

Wreathe bright flowers for the great patriot, Freedom's true
 and loyal son;

Let them breathe of fond devotion, of his great work nobly done;

Nations all may laud their heroes, praise their valiant deeds
of fame,

Yet here lies a chieftain valiant, and all hearts revere his name
Back into the bygone ages swift the years may onward glide,
Thrones may totter, nations perish, yet that name will still abide
Pure, unsullied, wreathed in glory, as is heard the sweet refrain
From the lips of true hearts ever, breathing the sainted name
of Blaine,

Fare-thee-well! Oh noble statesman, Knight of Freedom, true
and brave,

In thy deeds a Nation glories, for thy life a lustre gave
To the greatness of Columbia, to a Nation's spreading fame,
Fanned the dying spark of courage into proud ambition's flame.
With a Clay and with a Webster, shall thy name exalted be;
From the great storm-swept Atlantic to Pacific's quiet sea,
Down the ages ever-ringing still will come the sweet refrain
Of a Nation's fondest praises with the name of James G. Blaine.

MARIE LITTA

Marie Eugenie Von Elsner, whose stage name was "Litta," was a celebrated American opera singer, in English and Italian opera. She was a resident of Bloomington, Illinois. She passed away July 8, 1883, at 26 years of age, at her home in Bloomington.

GOODBYE ! sweet and lovely singer,
All who knew thee, loved thee well,
As thy voice e'er sweet and dear,
Chimed its music like silvery bell ;
And with Nilsson and with Kellogg,
Thou has vied and often sang,
And enthusiastic was your greeting,
As the great hall with plaudits rang.

Still adown Time's aisles a-ringing,
Comes thy voice from out the past,
To our souls is ever singing,
As life's sunset shadows cast
Its twilight softly o'er our pathway,
As we near fair Eden's goal,
And the light of an eternal day
Greet us in the blest home of the soul.

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN

A distinguished Civil War General, and twice United States Senator from Illinois. He was nominated for Vice-President on the Republican ticket with James G. Blaine for President, at the Republican National Convention held at Cincinnati, in November, 1884. He was also the originator of "Decoration Day."

O'ER FALLEN heroes nations weep,
And Freedom bathes with tears
Each hallow'd tomb of those who sleep—
True heroes of the bygone years.
So with thee, Logan, soldier brave,
Great statesman of our native land,
Hallow'd to all shall be thy grave,
For great was thy true heart and hand.

When thundered the cannon's sullen roar,
And sprang brave sons to arms,
As war-clouds spread the country o'er,
And heralded forth war's loud alarms—
Then came he at his country's call,
With brave boys dressed in Union blue;
The starry flag floating o'er all,
With loyal hearts still firm and true.

On many a vast and gory field
Freedom's brave sons he led
On, on to victory!—to shield
Her righteous cause they bled.
Thro' iron hail he led the way

Against a brave and daring foe ;
With his brave "boys" he won the day,
Proud tyranny to overthrow.

A Nation mourns thee, Logan, brave,
And Freedom's pearly tears
Falls softly on her hero's grave—
A hero of departed years.
And generations yet to be
Will gather 'round the hero's tomb,
And think of him who fought to free
And save a Nation 'mid its gloom.

Rest thee in peace, Columbia's son !
Thine was a mission great and grand ;
And of the millions there is none
Can with disgrace thy fair name brand ;
None can by praise add to thy fame,
When thy face is shadow'd by death's pall ;
For thy deeds tell the greatness of thy name,
Thou who hast triumphed over all.

LAWRENCE BARRETT

A celebrated American tragedian who died in the spring of 1891.

THE curtain has fallen forever on life's stage;
A great star hath set! Yet on history's page
Its light will still shine with a luminous glow,
Tho' here in the flesh we shall miss him below.

O, Tragedy! thou hast lost one of thy brightest stars;
Yet it is not confined by Death's gloomy bars;
It has risen again in a higher blest sphere,
Tho' oft' may be shed sweet Memory's fond tear.

The melancholy Dane,* the great Cardinal,*
The man of iron, nerve, a King over all—
Was Barrett in life; an indomitable will,
Subtlety of thought, of superior skill,

A disciple of Euripides, yet far in advance
Of the father of tragedy in power, elegance,
A victor in the arena, a master of art,
Was this generous, noble and enduring heart.

Proud Greece, haughty Rome. behold in this man
A scholar, a master; all Europe can scan
His clear spotless record, and his genius as well,
And with America sadly murmur: "True friend, fare-thee-
well!"

*Hamlet.

*Richelieu.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

This distinguished poet passed away in the month of July, 1916.

WREATH with sweet flowers the poet's tomb,
In beauty let them ever bloom ;
Silent the harp, its chords unstrung,
Yet its music breathed by an immortal tongue,
Still down the aisles of Time will chime,
Echoing o'er the dark'ning shores of Time,
With music from the eternal shore,
From loved ones now gone on before

From Indiana's wooded dell,
And the sylvan scenes he loved so well,
From rustic homes of fond retreat,
Shall souls still e'er his songs repeat,
And the autumn leaves will softly fall,
As the harvest songs again recall
The sweet old days of Long Ago,
Which the poet loved so well to know.

The years may come, the years may go,
But him we loved, so well to know,
Shall breathe his music to us still,
At balmy eve, our hearts to thrill,
And o'er this land, from sea to sea,
James Whitcomb Riley's name shall be
A household word, to all e'er dear,
As we journey on to the Better Sphere.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

President of the United States, assassinated Sept. 6, 1901, died Sept. 14, 1901

A NATION mourns thee, with grief sincere,
To loyal hearts forever dear

Thy name will bright remain ;
As Freedom's emblem waves o'er all
May we with love and pride recall
Those days our soldiers like a wall
Guarded its folds from stain ;
When thou above the clouds of war
Rose as a bright and radiant star,

Shall Anarchy now rule our land,
Blood-bought by each heroic band,

That Peace might dwell secure ?
Nay, God forbid ! Our land shall be
A haven of rest, where all are free
To serve their God, from sea to sea—

Forever to endure,
Till Time no more shall toll his bell—
For Christ, our Lord, doth all things well !

Rest thou in peace, Columbia's son,
God's will in all things e'er is done,

Though deep our grief may be ;
Dwell thou with God forevermore,
As down Time's dim and sounding shore
We travel on, may we adore

And serve our God like thee ;
Bring lilies with full hands for him we love,
Whose soul now rests in peace with God above !

TO TENNYSON

"But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."--Tennyson.

LONE thy harp is silent lying, Poet great, a-waning, dying,
Each successive day is gliding back into the buried past ;
As enchanting paths I'm roaming, I can see from out the
gloaming,
Visions bright, spirits immortal, cast a halo 'round thy
tomb ;
Fairy visions wreaths are placing 'round that name where
naught defacing
E'er can banish from the memory bright thoughts that
immortal bloom ;
Like sweet flowers to heaven transplanted, to that dream-
land sphere enchanted,
They will leave a lasting fragrance in earth's darksome
vale below ;
There by bright and flowing rivers, where the golden sun-
light quivers
On their clear and placid waters, in God's vast, eternal
land,
Thy fond spirit ever lingers, as the touch of fairy fingers
Press thy brow with loving touches in the bright and
erimson glow.

Chivalrous knight of song ! Ascending, on the air, and ever
blending
Volces of great nations rising, do thee homage now in
song ;

Many were the lances broken by thy noble deeds outspoken,
In the tilt of the great tourney, witnessed by the royal
throng ;
As brave knights in armor gleaming, with their pennons
gayly streaming,
Came like thunderbolts together in the great arena there !
Thou hast sung of empires swaying, and in dust at last
decaying,
Brave knights dying in their glory, with their fair loves
weeping near,
Yet thy harp is lonely lying, as the breezes softly sighing,
Breathe sweet requiems thro' its chords for thy great
departed soul ;
Thou hast well fought life's great battle, heard the thunders
'round thee rattle,
In the end to prove a victor, and hast reached thy des-
tined goal.

TO ALICE POWERS

Daughter of Orlando Powers, of Decatur, Illinois. She died in the month of April, 1878. This poem is respectfully dedicated to her relatives.

SOFTLY o'er thy sacred tomb
Beautiful one, let flowers bloom ;
Breezes, moaning, 'bove thee sigh ;
On thy mound doth softly lie
Dewy tears from Heaven above,
O'er the form of her we love.

Far above, O, spirit bright !
'Mid the heavenly fields of light,
Thou dost greet the holy throng,
As the sweet seraphic song
Echoes through th' ethereal dome,
Welcoming thy advent home,

Beyond this dark'ning vale of tears,—
Beyond this sphere of doubts and fears,
Where the beautiful gates ajar
Gleam like the lustrous morning star—
Cloth'd in garments whiter than snow
Waiting thou art for those below.

And there beside the crystal sea,
Where sounding harps ring glad and free,
Where waves kiss softly the golden strand
Of the beautiful shores of Eden's land—
The parted ones again shall meet,
And with clasp'd hands each other greet.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN

One of the leading Generals of the Civil War, who was equal to General Grant in that great war.

O, GREAT commander, now at rest,
Brave, loyal son, by Freedom blest,
Grim Death alone could conquer thee,
Yet thy brave foes from sea to sea
Will honor still the hero's name
Who saved sweet Freedom's flag from shame.
The hero who ne'er harbor'd fear,
Whose name to all will e'er be dear.

No bugle blast will wake the dead,
Nor cannon's roar or martial tread,
No martial band, victorious cheer,
Will rouse the hero sleeping here ;
Whose famous march 'neath flag so free,
From old Atlanta to the sea,
With his brave boys, e'er tried and true,
Will still pass by in grand review.

Beat on your march unto the grave,
Muffled and solemn, unto the brave,
For that brave soul who knew no fear
Lies calmly sleeping on his bier ;
Gaze on the hero, who in war
Rose like a bright and flashing star,
And thro' dark wreaths of battle smoke,
With furious charge the phalanx broke,
Of a great, brave, undaunted foe,
'Mid storms of shot and saber's blow.

Where are the heroes, who in war,
Whose each and bright illustrious star,
Rose o'er the war clouds of our land,
Each with their brave, heroic band ?
Grant, Logan, Sheridan, great each name,
Hancock, McClellan, and others of fame,
And last of all great Sherman lies
Now still at rest 'mid a Nation's sighs,

On battle-fields with crimson gore,
His stalwart form is seen no more ;
When his loud voice like a clarion rang,
As the deadly missiles 'round him sang
Their songs of death, as above him there
Glistening and waving in Southern air,
The Stars and Stripes floated proud and free
In Sherman's great march unto the sea.

Rest thou, brave hero ; no warlike din,
No roar of cannon or culverin
Will break the hero's last repose,
Who feared not death or dastard foes.
Fire the last salute, and as the prayer
Of fond devotion is offered there,
Know that his great, untarnished name
Still glitters on the scroll of fame.

TO ALICE S_____

O, BRIGHT and happy days of yore,
When first I met thee, Alice, fair,
Whe the golden sunlight shone softly o'er
Our heads, as bright birds caroled there,
In the leafy trees by the brick church near,
Where oft' we came to worship God,
When together we bowed our heads in prayer,
To tread those paths we've so often trod,

Thine eyes to me shone like bright stars
In yon bright heaven's vaulted blue,
Whose light shot forth soft silvery bars
To cheer my soul. To be with you
Was oft' my heart's one pure desire,
As thy sweet voice like music low
Filled my young soul with holy fire,
In those blest days of the Long Ago.

'Twas in the spring-tide of youth we met,
Thy face to me was sweet and fair ;
My soul, ah ! never can forget
The happy hours spent with thee there ;
'Twas heaven to me when thou wert near,
Thy voice was music to my soul,
Like an angel to me thon didst appear,
My restless soul to e'er control.

Yet Fate thus doomed fond hearts to part,
Another claimed the hand of thine ;

And darkness filled my sighing heart,
To know that thou couldst ne'er be mine.
Long years passed by e'er again we met,
And then, alas! on a couch of pain
I met thee, and with deep regret
Saw thy fair life fast on the wane.

I clasp'd thy hand, gazed in thine eyes,
For beautiful to me, ah! wast thou still,
Ready to depart to fairer skies,
Resigned to God's holy will;
I breathed to thee of Heaven above,
I vowed to clasp hands with thee there,
To meet where souls will ever love,
In God's sweet Eden-land so fair.

Thy beautiful spirit soon took its flight,
And oft' alone at eve I weep,
As I think of thee in the stilly night,
As the stars their silent vigils keep.
O'er thy grassy mound let the roses bloom,
Above thy fair form in sacred repose;
Aye! loved ones will meet beyond the dark tomb,
Free at last from life's sorrows and woes.

TO MY MOTHER

She passed away August 20, 1900, ten years after this poem was written.

FOND mother, thy years are measur'd till they're three score
and ten,

And thy children have grown to be women and men,
Yet thy love is the same as life's autumn appears,
And shed its soft light o'er the past buried years.
Ah! fierce has been life's battle, and toilsome the way,
As hardships and privations in one long array
Fell to thee as thy portion, to with poverty contend,
As the child looked to the mother as its only true friend.

Far adown the dim sounding aisles of time
O'er monuments of the past, in melody chime
Voices of thy fair youth, as in fancy's fond dream
Thou'rt gliding again down youth's sunny stream.
Little then didst thou know of the trials and cares,
The heart-aches, privations, the sorrows and tears
That fell to thy portion, as the years came apace
And passed by forever into fathomless space.

Thy sweet smile is the same, though chast'ning the rod,
For thy faith is still firm in Israel's great God,
Who ever is with thee to save and defend,
To list to thy prayer as it upward ascend,
Like incense to rise to the great, golden throne,
As thou in devotion thy petition make known.
Thy gray hairs are sacred, as the oncoming years
Bring their smiles and joys, their sorrows and tears.

O, may thy last days be the sweetest and best,
Ere thou enter at last into that God-given rest,
And the sunset of life shed a bright golden glow,
To catch a sweet foretaste of that heaven below.
Though age come apace, and the end draweth nigh,
There awaiteth for thee beyond yon blue-vaulted sky
A land of delight, where may we all meet,
Forever with God in that Eden retreat.

IN REMEMBRANCE

FORGET thee? Nay! while Memory sway
Her regal sceptre o'er this clay,
Thy loving vision will haunt me still,
Rove where my wand'ring footsteps will;
And, though the soul may sadly sigh
When thoughts of happy days gone by,
With fairy visions in their train,
Greet me with scenes of yore again,
Yet will remembrance fondly claim
A lasting place for thy fair name.

Light and shadow alternate fall,
And lighten or darken the lives of all,
Yet, though dark clouds awhile appear,
Heaven still to us can yet be near
If we but know that hearts are true
As yonder sky of heaven's fair blue;
But know that hearts tho' sundered far,
Are steadfast, true as Bethlehem's star,
And thro, life's storm-clouds dark and drear,
Soul breathes to soul, "Thou still art near."

TO INEZ

SOFTLY sleeping 'neath the daisies
Lies thy form in sweet repose ;
Sweetly would I sing thy praises—
Spirit free from all life's woes.
Though life's gloom about me gather,
As I wend this vale of tears,
Yet life's ills I'll bravely weather,
For thy vision ever cheers.

Flowers of life bloom but to wither,
And their fragrance incense rare
Seeks that land beyond the river
Where bend golden skies so fair.
There thy spirit basks forever
In the light of love divine ;
There fond hearts no more shall sever,
Souls shall not in sorrow pine.

Oft' at eve, as lone I wander,
As the blushing skies doth gleam,
O'er the bygone days to ponder,
O'er bright, happy scenes to dream—
Sadness throws her mantle 'round me,
As the dreamy stars appear,
As my eyes gaze but to miss thee,
Yet thy vision still is near.

Ah, with reverence would I utter
Thy fair name to all below.

As life's storm-clouds 'round me mutter
Thunders o'er a world of woe.
Still to me comes thy fair vision
Robed in beauty and in love ;
In bright golden fields Elysian
Breathe thou of that bliss above.

EMMA STEWART BROWN

She was the first wife of Mr. I. E. Brown, of Decatur, Illinois.

SHE passed away, like flowers at eve,
From a world of sin and sorrow ;
Her's is the joy, though we may grieve,
And dark may seem the 'morrow ;
For angels bright, on wings of love,
Have borne her to that Home above,

The sun was sinking in the west
In its couch of rosy slumber,
As we gently laid her down to rest—
A loved one of our number ;
And with the angels a spirit bright
Greeted a land of sweet delight.

And softly o'er the crystal sea
Glad harps are sweetly ringing,

Fair Eden's sweetest minstrelsy,
With choirs of angels singing;
And on those bright and golden strands,
So lovely still, with God she stands.

From out that home of light above,
Down the aisles of time a-ringing—
The voice of her we ever love
Still to the soul is singing,
As she fondly waits for those below.
At the pearly gates, with heart aglow.

Ah, yes, aglow with a love divine,
As harps are still resounding;
Where lights divine ne'er cease to shine,
Toward which our souls are bounding
Exultant, free, o'er life's dark sea,
To home and heaven, God and thee.

GERHARDT SCHICK

Prof. Gerhardt Schick was a noted linguist and poet. He taught seven or eight different languages, and resided at Decatur, Illinois, about 1878. Too much overwork and study drove him insane, and he died in the Insane Asylum at Jacksonville, Illinois, May 5, 1879.

FAREWELL ! a sad farewell to thee,
Departed friend ! O'er life's dark sea
Thy glimmering sail is lost to view ;
To all of earth thou hast bid adieu,
I stand on Time's surf-beaten shore,
Yet Gerhardt's sail I'll see no more.

What sad, unhappy fate was thine !
Who woo'd with love the sacred Nine,
And roamed the realms of the Ideal,
Where low, sweet music did softly steal
Upon the ear ; as unseen faces fair
Press'd thy pale brow sadden'd with care.

Why should the soul e'er weep for those
Who slumber now in sweet repose,
Free from the strife, the woe and sin,
When immortality they win ?
O, son of song ! may light divine
Welcome with joy the soul of thine.

Adieu ! a last adieu to thee !
Oh ! by the flowing crystal sea,
May thou breathe of that hallow'd bliss
Found not in such a world as this ;
As softly o'er thy hallow'd tomb
Bend unseen visions 'mid the gloom.

OH! WHERE ART THOU, MY BROTHER?

Dr. William M. Metcalf, a brother of the author, and a Civil War veteran, passed away at New Albany, Indiana, December 29, 1914.

OH! WHERE art thou, my brother?
Art thou lying low
Where the daisies grow,
And the clods of the valley for a cover?
On this New Year's day,
In my sadness I pray.
And my soul, it is sighing and weeping
Tho' thy soul is above
With those that we love,
And a just God hath thee in his keeping.

My restless soul would fain soar away,
To be with thee, my brother,
With thee, and with mother,
To join thee in realms of endless day,
As lone, I am sighing,
As the day, it is dying,
And the river of Time flows down to the sea,
As my heart throbs, a-beating,
Still, still is repeating
When shall I greet sweet Heaven and thee?

Oh! where art thou, my brother?
The place where you rest.
By angels now blest,
A sacred green mound like that of my mother,

I e'er will revere it,
Tho' I may not be near it,
Thy image engraven remain in my breast.
Tho' my soul, it is weeping,
I know in the keeping
Of Jesus, our Lord, thou art now with the blest.

Tho' in sadness I wander
I e'er still will love
Thee, my brother above,
For I know thou livest up yonder
'Bove the bright, starry blue,
Where dwells the good and the true.
Where loved ones ne'er part, forever to dwell,
And on this New Year's day,
As in silence I pray,
I know that in Heaven all yet will be well.

MRS. ALICE SPINK

She was formerly Miss Alice Smith, of Decatur, Illinois, daughter of Benjamin Smith, a noted Decatur lawyer. She passed away at her home in Clinton, Illinois, September 11, 1896,

THE shades of night hath come at last,
To herald that eternal rest,
Spirit beloved! This life is past,
Thou'rt with Jesus, forever blest.
A sweet transition from earth below
To God's bright home above,
Where beautiful still, we yet will know
The sister we so fondly love.

Oh, bright and happy days of yore
When first we met thee, when so fair
Thou spoke of Jesus gone before,
To thy little scholars, listening there
With wrapt attention to thy voice,
As it echoed like music to their ears;
Oft' hath it made my soul rejoice
When I recall those bygone years.

Since then thy course thro' good or ill,
Hath been like God's bright guiding star,
Thy Christian mission to fulfill,
Shedding a sweet influence near and far.
Thro' suffering, sorrow, pain and care,
Thy noble soul is still the same,
Nor e'en can death cause thee to fear,
For saved art thou in Jesus' name.

Oh, beautiful spirit ! In that land
Of pure delight we yet will clasp
Thy loving hands and with thee stand
Saved from the grim destroyer's grasp.
We'll think of Alice, when at eve
We kneel to God in reverent prayer ;
Oh, why should the soul in sorrow grieve,
For we'll meet her with Jesus, "over there."

SWEET FACES FAIR

WHERE'ER I am, where'er I go,
Sweet faces fair still haunt me so—
Dear vanished faces of the past,
'Round each a heavenly halo cast,
Gone from earth's sorrowing vale below
To that land where all blest spirits go ;
And oft' at eve, when all is still,
My soul with rapture for them thrill.

Sweet faces fair, engraven there
On my heart, as I kneel in silent prayer,
How I love them, as I wend my way
Toward that land of endless day ;
Loved ones whose influence yet I feel,
As low sweet music seems to steal
Softly o'er my senses from the spirit land,
As I feel the touch of a caressing hand.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

PROVE YOURSELF A MAN

IN every trial, care or storm
That may assail you oft' and long,
When dark disaster's dread alarm
Doth oft' bring forth its funeral song;
When the surges of affliction roll,
And you see the glimpse of life's short span,
Despair not, though grieved thy soul,
But ever prove yourself *a man*!

Temptations great will oft' assail
The weak and strong of humankind,
And many hearts, though stout, shall quail
'Neath the assaults upon the mind—
And fierce and long they oft' will be,
Some dreaded, and a noxious ban,
Then hold your ground and do not flee,
But ever prove yourself *a man*!

If through life's rough, uneven way
Thy steps should falter, and despair

Should seize thee in life's fray,
And you a victim doth declare;
When thy life seems dark and drear,
And no clear sky you can scan,
Be faithful—brood no fear,
But ever prove yourself *a man!*

Though dark the clouds in time of storm
There is clear sky beyond;
Though here oppressed by adversity's arm,
Time soon shall break the bond;
Then bear up nobly 'gainst the tide
That sweeps against our van,
The arm Omnipotent will guide.
Then prove yourself *a man!*

THOSE THAT I LOVED

THOSE that I loved have passed away,
And I am left alone to-day,
Like one deserted in a banquet hall,
Where once sweet music did softly fall,
And fairy forms glide to and fro
In the bright and happy Long Ago.
But those loved ones have passed away,
And I am left alone to-day,
But sweet the thought, we'll meet again
On Heaven's bright, eternal plain.

THE RUSTIC COTTAGE

TELL me, cannot souls be happy
 In the rustic cottage there.
 As in costly, gilded palace
 Of the lordly millionaire ?
 Though no rare and costly paintings
 Deck the plain and simple walls,
 'Round the humble hearthstone ever
 God's bright, glorious sunlight falls
 On fond souls, who murmur never,
 Blest within those cottage walls.

'Tis not wealth nor gaudy splendor
 That brings happiness to the soul ;
 Nor proud Fame's best envied token
 Which warms hearts when they are old,
 But the sweet, fond love of others,
 Which will shed bright, heavenly rays
 O'er earth's dark'ning vale of sorrow,
 In our swift, declining days ;
 Breathe to us a brighter 'morrow,
 As we fervently breath our praise.

Sweet the songs that have ascended
 From the little cottage there,
 As at eve they rose and blended
 With the anthems in the air
 Of bright angels—as above them
 Decked was heaven's starry dome

With the myriad worlds of splendor
As they sung of "Home, Sweet Home."
Sung the soul's sweet song of rapture;
Then did Joy on swift wings come.

Fond hearts in the cottage lowly,
Though but simple be their fare,
Breathe a love that's pure and holy,
Found not with the millionaire.
Though they own no lordly treasure,
Or a gilded palace fair,
Yet their joy—it knows no measure—
Their grand mansion is—"over there."
From the humble, rustic cottage
Rises sweet incense of holy prayer.

IN REMEMBRANCE

WHEN the soft, sad winds moan 'bove my tomb.
When on the green mound sweet roses bloom,
When out the dark past sweet visions arise,
Which are bound to thee by close, loving ties,
And unseen spirits are hovering near thee—
Remember me.

As you pensively stray to the city of the dead,
As with reverence its still sacred ground you tread.
As you prayerfully gaze on each silent mound
'Neath which the ashes of a loved one are found,
And you lovingly think of the soul that is free—
Remember me.

And when thy sweet eyes to heaven are cast,
As vanished faces of the misty past
In Memory's bright mirror you behold,
Whose feet are softly treading streets of gold,
Who are standing beside the crystal sea—
Remember me,

Then as the dews of heaven shall fall,
And bathe with tears the wounds of all—
How sweet to know that thou'lt be near,
And bless my grave with a fond tear.
And as my soul fondly waits for thee
Remember me.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN

AT HUSH of night, when all is still,
And heaven's bright dome glitters with stars;
When sainted visions my being thrill
Who float 'bove Phœbus' golden bars—
Methinks I see thy sainted face,
As yon ethereal worlds I trace,
And the same sweet smile
Doth my soul beguile
As when thou walked earth's vale below,
And life was in its youthful glow.

In contemplation, Love, I stand,
Wrapped in enchantment's golden dream,
As 'mid yon bright, seraphic band,
I see thy form celestial gleam;
As those bright eyes of thine afar,
More bright to me than glittering star
So divinely shine
On this soul of mine;
And thy cheek is flush'd with beauty's soft glow.
Oh, spirit, too pure for false hearts below.

Softly adown the aisles of Time
Angelic whispers, sweet and low
Come wafted from a fairer clime
In soft and pure pathetic flow
And 'mid those whispers I can hear
Thy voice so musical and clear,

Whispering a love
Only known above
To sainted souls ; and thy vision near
In celestial radiance appear.

EVER TRUE

FOND hearts still will love thee ever,
Friendship's tie they ne'er will sever,
Tho' the death-damps o'er thee gather,
We'll be constant to the end ;
For to all thou art a blessing,
With a love that is caressing,
And tho' trials hard are pressing,
Hearts will aid and comfort lend.

O'er life's dark and storm-toss'd ocean
Billows rise in fierce commotion,
Yet fond hearts with true devotion
Will yet linger near thee still ;
For brave souls will fear no danger ;
He who once came as a stranger,
Born within a lowly manger,
Subjects all unto His will.

THEY ARE WAITING

THEY are waiting! they are waiting!
Loved ones by the jasper sea,
In their white and snowy garments,
Waiting there for thee and me.

By the golden gates they're waiting,
Of that Eden-land so fair,
Cheering the pilgrim on his journey
Through the land of dark despair.

Down the aisles of Time a-ringing,
Softly through their somber gloom,
Spirit voices their way are winging:
"There is light beyond the tomb."

Waiting ever, fondly waiting!
As adown Time's rapid stream
Our frail barks are swiftly gliding
To that land of which we dream.

By the pearly gates they're standing.
Golden harps are in their hands,
As life's weary ones are landing
On those bright and golden sands,

They're waiting, yes. they're waiting—
Vanished faces gone before—
With outstretched arms to greet us
As we hail that golden shore.

BEYOND

A WAKE from thy sorrows,
Why this anguish and pain ?
'Tis care that oft' borrows
To madden the brain ;
Heaven's soft rays are beaming
To lighten the soul ;
In sorrow cease dreaming.
Let peace now control.

Cease, cease thy lamenting,
Oh, sorrowing heart !
Let naught be preventing
Sweet bliss to impart ;
There now is a-gleaming !
Thro' the dark, somber night
A light that is streaming
From the great Infinite.

Oh, soul ! cease thy mourning !
For there lies above
(Which angels are adorning)
The Home that you love ;
Sweet harps are resounding
Through Heaven's high dome,
And hearts are rebounding
To welcome thee Home.

BRIGHT SPIRIT OF HOPE

BRIGHT spirit, come hither,
Let our hopes ne'er wither ;
Breathe thou now upon us the breath of thy love ;
From thy fair brow a-streaming
Heaven's soft rays are beaming,
Foretelling the bliss of that fair land above.

As a fond loving token
To hearts nearly broken,
Thou givest a true friendship that ever will last ;
In joy or in sorrow,
Bright or gloomy the 'morrow,
Ah ! still thou'rt with us 'mid life's howling blast.

Bright spirit, come hither ;
The wreath ne'er shall wither
That encircles thy fair and most beautiful brow ;
With a loving devotion
O'er life's stormy ocean,
Our hearts still art with thee, and true is our vow.

'NEATH THE DAISIES

'NEATH the daisies thou'rt sleeping,
Loving one, tender and true,
While above thee softly weeping,
Souls thy grave in silence view ;
Thy fond heart gently reposes
In that long and quiet rest,
While the sweet and fragrant roses
Fondly press thy peaceful breast,

In a dreamless sleep thou'rt lying
'Neath the whisp'ring flowers above,
As the moaning breeze is sighing
'Bove her we so fondly love.
When the shades of eve are falling
To thy mound would we draw near,
Oft' our souls in sorrow calling ;
"Oh, sweet spirit, now appear,"

Ah ! our souls doth sadly miss thee,
Yet we know beyond the tomb
Hearts again will yet caress thee,
Where sweet flowers immortal bloom.
As thy voice, so softly singing.
Echoes thro' sweet heaven's dome,
Holy anthems are a-winging
Praises of our final home.

'Neath the daisies softly rest thee,
Fondly will we breathe in prayer

Thy sweet name, and ever bless thee,
Angel of that land so fair;
Softly let bright angels whisper
To thee their sweet notes of love.
As below each loving lisper
Wafts thy name to Heaven above.

FALLING LEAVES

SOFTLY fall! dright fading leaves!
Yet my soul with sadness grieves
When I see thee from on high
Low descend, on earth to lie,
Whispering softly, sad and low,
As the moaning wind doth blow
Plaintively thro' the forest trees,
Sounding forth mournful melodies.

Falling leaves! of varied hue
Thou dost teach a lesson true—
How all beauty soon must fade,
In a lowly bed be laid.
As the autumn days unfold
Their bright rays of mellow gold,
Beautiful leaves, for thee we sigh,
Dying 'neath an autumnal sky.

OH! WHY SHOULD ONE SORROW?

BRIGHT stars are a-gleaming
For thee and for me,
Soft breezes are blowing
Sweet incense so free ;
Loved voices are singing
The sweet songs of yore,
Chiming bells are ringing—
“Soul, sorrow no more.”

Oh. why should one sorrow
And weep oft' in vain ?
Make gloomy the 'morrow,
And sadly complain—
When love's light is beaming
For thee and for me,
And heaven's rays gleaming
O'er life's restless sea.

Cease, then. thy replning ;
There gleams from afar,
Whose rays ne'er cease shining,
Sweet Bethlehem's star ;
Blest guide to the pilgrim
To bright Beulah's land.
Where waves kiss so softly
Its fair, golden strand.

Ah, holy the mission
Alloted us here,

And blest the fruition
Which casteth out fear ;
Oh, may we forever
Have sweet peace within ;
And press on together
The blest crown to win.

F E A R N O T

FIRM and true, God in view,
Sin and vice ever eschew.
Let light divine forever shine
From out the deathless soul of thine.
Tho' dark our way, God is our stay,
And angels guide us on our way,

Why need we fear tho' dark and drear
Our pathway be thro' deserts here ?
Firm be our will for good, 'gainst ill,
Man's noblest mission to fulfill.
Let foe in vain the right disdain—
The end shall prove the victor's gain.

Faith is our shield, the world the field,
Go forth to conquer—never yield,
Heed not the taunt that's brought to bear
Upon thy soul in conflict there.
For Heaven will bless and will redress
The wrongs that heavily on thee press.

OLD SONGS

THOSE dear old songs of early days,
Whose plaintive music to the ear
Resound, throughout life's changing ways,
In all their loveliness appear ;
Their cadences rise like incense rare
On wings of melody divine ;
Softly we breathe a silent prayer
As gently on the lips of thine
Departed souls they once did rise
In low, sweet accents, full of love ;
Ah ! those sweet songs we'll dearly prize,
They waft us thoughts of those above.

Breathe thou, O. harp, a joyful strain,
Let fair hands strike thy chords anew ;
Waft back once more the sweet refrain
Of voices of loved ones so true,
As o'er the scattered wrecks of time
Their visions rise in sweet array,
Breathing with pathos pure, sublime,
Songs of the aged and the gray ;
Again the hallowed scenes recall.
Those dear, bright, sunlit days of yore ;
That now, as then, our souls enthrall,
When those old songs we hear once more.

Then as the harp's sweet strains arise,
O, visions of our youth, draw near ;

MUSINGS

'TIS STILLY eve's sweet, tranquil hour,
No storm-clouds now above me lower ;
For, 'thwart yon heaven of starry light,
Fair Luna, in her onward flight,
Speeds silvery shafts, both far and near,
To circling zones and glittering sphere ;
The evening zephyr woos the place
Of solitude' with gentle grace ;
And as the heavens with stars doth gleam,
Still musing o'er the past I dream.

I see fair faces, sparkling eyes,
I hear soft laughter, whispering sighs,
For visions of the days of yore
Are hovering now 'round me once more,
Again to hold a sweet converse,
And all life's incidents rehearse ;
Their joys and sorrows to relate,
And how we buffeted stern fate ;
And by me their sweet forms doth gleam
By brilliant rays that o'er them stream,

Come, gentle spirits of the past,
And let enchantment 'round me cast
Her magic charms of potent sway ;
It seems to me but yester-day
When I was with those form so real,
And still their presence now I feel ;

And the holy incense of their love—
The breath of angels from above—
Inspires the soul to rise anew.
Keeping God, and truth. and heaven, in view.

FREEDOM'S BANNER

SONS of Freedom! take this banner!
Keep it free from ev'ry stain,
In a patriotic manner
Never let its glory wane!
Only let true hearts be near it;
Let no crouching, dastard knave
With polluted fingers tear it
From the legions of the brave.

None but brave men should be ever
'Neath the emblem of the free;
To defend its rights forever
'Gainst encroaching tyranny.
Fear!—the base and cringing minion!—
Ne'er should find a foothold, where
Freedom's sons are bravely battling
For her cause—to die for her!

LET YOUR HEART PROVE TRUE

VOYAGER o'er life's troubled sea,
Subject to Time's stern decree,
As your bark doth onward glide
O'er the seething restless tide,
In what course you may pursue,
Let thy heart prove always true.

Pilgrim journeying to a better land,
Who the powers of sin withstand,
As you press on toward the goal
With an ardent, inspired soul,
Be ye Gentile, or a Jew,
Let thy heart prove ever true.

Ye who seek to be a friend
As you smilingly the hand extend.
May your friendship be sincere,
Void of deceit, with conscience clear ;
And if thou would'st the wrong eschew,
Let then heart prove ever true.

Oh ! he's a blessing whom you find
Among the multitudes of mankind,
Who, in grim adversity's hour,
While life's storm-clouds lower—
Shall his solemn vows to God renew,
Letting his heart prove ever true.

With smiling lips, and sparkling eyes,
Pass thou with us an hour of cheer.
And let affection's chain unite
With golden links, soul unto soul,
As faces beam with love's soft light,
Our beings wholly to control;
And from thy lips, pure visions fair,
Breathe once again the songs of yore,
As fondly we murmur, silently,
A blessing on those gone before.

AN ACROSTIC

I LOVE to think of her whose name
Now fans fond Loves undying flame
Ere she had passed from earth away
Zealous my soul to have her stay.

My soul with joy will meet her there
As heavenly music fills the air;
Yes, in that land of sweet delight,

Kissed by eternal light so bright,
I'll meet her when life's sun goes down,
Zealous my soul my Love to crown,
Ever with her to be, as ages pass by,
Ruled by a love that can never die.

DEVOTION

I WOULD not leave thee lonely
In a dark world like this :
I would that we were only
In that bright realm of bliss.
I would not see thee weeping.
For I thy grief would share ;
Bright angels ! vigils keeping,
Protect our lady fair !

To thus be near thee ever
I'd dearly fain would be ;
With honest, firm endeavor
To live for God and thee ;
I would we'd sail together
O'er life's dark stormy main,
And nevermore to sever
Sweet friendship's golden chain,

Bind to thy heart this token
Of friendship, faith and love ;
With holy vow unbroken
I'd waft thy name above ;
And as thou'rt fondly dreaming
Of that which is to be,
Heaven's rays for us are beaming
O'er life's dark, restless sea.

S H E I S S L E E P I N G

SHE is sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
While the stars, their vigils keeping,
Watches o'er the slumberer there ;
While each moonbeam softly glances,
And with silvery light it dances,
Kissing the pallid face so fair.

She is sleeping, gently sleeping.
And, perchance, her heart is leaping
Wildly with a strange delight,
As her soul in fields Elysian,
Greets each bright, enchanted vision,
In a dreamland fair and bright.

Beautiful sleeper ! fondly dreaming,
As Luna's lustrous light is streaming
Softly thro' the lattice there.—
Rippling, waving, gently glancing,
O'er her features softly dancing.
Playing with her golden hair.

Peacefully slumbers the fair sleeper,
Holy angels guard and keep her
In the watches of the night ;
As from trials, toil and care,
Sweetly rests the slumberer,
Till Aurora sheds her light.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

I NE'ER will forsake thee,
Though darkness and woe
Shroud with gloom thy pathway
In life's journey below ;
Tho' friends may prove false
When fortune doth frown,
One heart shall prove true
To the soul that's cast down.

How sweet for true friends
In communion to meet,
Where heart beats to heart,
And naught is deceit ;
In weal or in woe
Never sunder the tie
That bind hearts together,
Tho' storm-clouds sweep by.

Though, adversity be thine,
True hearts will remain
Free from the foul touch
Of falsity's stain ;
In joy or in sorrow,
False hearts, let them flee !
But noble souls will be ever
True to Heaven and thee.

T R U S T

I KNOW thou wilt not leave me
In the hour of grief and woe,
When misfortunes comes not singly,
Dark adversity to know.
For I can trust thee, darling,
I can read upon thy brow,
That thy soul abhors a falsehood,
And wilt not forsake me now.

Tho' life's dark'ning storm-clouds
Cast a gloom upon my way,
Thou wilt, as a guarding angel,
Be my guide and stay,
For thy heart is pure and tender,
Void of falsehood and deceit,—
Oh, how sweet to greet true hearts
When in adversity we meet.

Loved one, let thy voice sound sweetly.
Ever sweetly to my ear;
Let thy heart be ever with me
As I tread life's pathway drear;
When a holy calm is reigning,
And the stars gaze softly down,
As the light of day is waning
And the night-queen wears her crown.

Far beyond this earth's dark shadow,
There are fair, unclouded skies.

Where loved ones are waiting for us,
Watching with bright, loving eyes ;
Waiting for our coming,
As we onward wend our way
To that land where music ushers
In one bright and golden day,

THOU ART THE WORLD TO ME,

THOU art. my Love, the world to me,
To cheer my soul o'er life's dark sea ;
And when I gaze in thine sweet eyes,
And see a love that never dies—
I cannot doubt that your heart is true,
As we, together, life's way pursue ;
Come weal or woe, ah ! still the same,
Thou wilt be true in deed, as name.

Then let a giddy world pass by
With its vain pomp and pageantry ;
Why need we care for all its show,
As our souls, as one, together go
Thro' forest and glen, with angels near,
The sunlight of Heaven to ever cheer,
As we're bound for a brighter world afar,
Beyond each bright and radiant star.

A T E V E

SOFTLY came the rippling laughter
Of sweet voices, blithe and free ;
On the sighing winds came after
Magic strains of minstrelsy ;
Fleecy clouds with golden fingers,
'Bove a blushing sunset sky,
Float on airy wings above me
With their spangled drapery.

Then my soul was fondly dreaming—
Dreaming of the misty past,
When sweet faces, softly beaming
Loving glances on me cast ;
Faces which will ever linger
In the mirror of the soul,
As an unseen hand and finger
Points to an immortal goal.

Holy thoughts are brooding o'er me,
Fairy visions linger near,
As I silently adore thee
Oh, sweet peace, to all so dear ;
When a holy calm is reigning.
And the stars gaze softly down,
As the light of day is waning
And the night-queen wears her crown.

Still I dream, as up ascending,
On the soft and stilly air,

Mellow voices in rapture blending.
Greet me in the silence there,
Nearer then sweet visions hover,
Nearer then are those I love;
Sweet the thought, that o'er death's river,
Loved ones meet in Heaven above.

THANKSGIVING DAY

COME ye subjects of God's mercy,
Let your thanks to Him ascend ;
He who has safely led you
Thus far towards your journey's end.

Praise him for the many blessings
He has showered on a sinful race,
On us subjects so unworthy
Of His paternal love and grace.

Let songs of gratitude ascend
To Him who rules alone,
Who doth a helping hand extend
To save the erring one.

From every heart thro'out the land,
Let deep thanksgiving rise ;
Bountiful to us has been His hand,
And His dispensations wise.

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT

YES, pass me by, scorn me if you will,

Your reproaches, they are just ;

I once, too, was young. and wander'd at will,

And reposed in myself great trust ;

But in an evil hour, Alack ! the day,

I was ensared, and fell !

By associating with companions gay,

I drank the beverage of hell,

You well may shun me, my haggard face

Tells well my tale of woe ;

It speaks for me of my disgrace,

As onward in tatters I go ;

And my hand which shakes like an aspen leaf,

It once was steady and strong,

But now in sorrow. woe. misery and grief,

I feebly totter along.

A happy home I once did possess,

Where stayed a loving wife and child,

Whom 'twas my duty to comfort and bless,

But, alas ! with grief, have drove them wild ;

Yes, drove them wild, and now they lie

Within the cold and narrow grave ;

And a wretch like I, to let them die,

When it was my power to save.

No happy home now !—all is gloom !

Those shining lights have gone forever !

And now I linger, awaiting my doom,
 This feeble cord of life to sever.
 All my kindred have forsook me;
 Life, to me, is a burden now;
 Remorse of conscience doth hannt me,
 As in grief I bow,

Look well at me as you pass me by—
 See the wreck of noble manhood!
 Warn your dear ones not to go nigh
 The dram shop! for your blood
 Will be your own heads—Beware!
 Take wnrning from one who knows;
 Who (that now leads a life of despair,)
 Have drank of its sorrows and woes!

THE WORLD WON'T MISS YOU

THE world won't miss you when you're gone
 But the seething tide moves madly on;
 The great and small fall side by side,
 And they sink beneath the rushing tide;
 And thus they come, and thus they go,
 As the river of Time fast in its flow
 Hurries them on to eternity,
 And to this earth they've ceased to be,
 Equal the pauper and millionaire,
 For they're all on a level "*over there*,"
 So the world won't miss you when you're gone.
 For humanity's tide sweeps madly on,

THE QUEEN OF SONG

ARISE in thy beauty, enchantress of song,
The song of the true in sweet praise prolong,
Like incense to rise o'er life's stormy sea,
Wafting forth holy thoughts of the brave and the free,

O'er hill and o'er valley let softly resound,
The song of the soul, to God's glory redound,
As souls fondly dreaming, with pure holy love,
Commune with bright visions from those regions above,

And as thy sweet notes forth to heaven ascend,
Let strains of the harp harmoniously blend
With those songs of the true, as softly on high,
Ring the voices of angels thro' the fair ether sky,

Oh, siren of song! down the dim aisles of Time
May thy sweet voice ever in melody chime,
Wafting back to the soul the sweet songs of yore,
And bright visions departed are with us once more.

Ah! fondly I'm dreaming, as softly I hear
Thy lute-like cadences gently greeting my ear
With music soft breathing of fair Eden's land
As voices re-echo from its beautiful strand.

Oh, sing to sad souls o'erburden'd with woe—
Of fair golden skies which for them will glow,
When the storm-clouds of life have all passed away
To greet the bright light of one blest golden day.

THE EVENING HOUR

GENTLE voices now are calling
As the dews of eve are falling
Silently ;

Sounds of music, softly swelling,
On the air are upward welling
To the sky,
As the sounding harp's glad strain
Breathes a sweet and soft refrain,

Gently the evening zephyr's sighing,
To the sweet notes oft' replying
Soft and low ;
As fond, loving hearts are thrilling,
Joy the weary soul is filling
With its flow,
Whose bright current flows so free
In the hour of ecstasy.

Tender eyes are fondly beaming,
In whose languor depths lie dreaming
A pure love,
As each love-lit salutation
Meets our Father's approbation
From above ;
As sweet songs are up ascending,
Holy thoughts are with them blending.

When life's sun is fast declining,

When its streaming rays cease shining,
 May we be—
On the eve of dissolution—
Free from sin and all pollution,
 As we see
The soul-sweet visions of the evening hour,
With their Creator, clothed with power.

SWEET ANGEL FACE

SWEET angel face! Ah! in my dreams,
 Your love-lit eyes still on me beams
With light celestial that o'er thee streams,
 Thy form to grace;
Light is thy touch upon my brow,
As softly o'er me, bending low,
I feel your soft ambrosial glow—
 Sweet angel face!

Sweet angel face! When all is still,
In the darksome night I feel the thrill
Of your holy love, and will until
 I seek thy place;
The blest abode of the good and true,
As in my dreams I'm still with you,
And soon with thee your form I'll view,
 Sweet angel face!

THE OLD MAN'S REVERY

DAYS of vanished youth! I love thee,
And with fond delight I dwell
On past scenes that hover near me,
Bound by Memory's mystic spell.

Far adown Time's winding river
On my bark doth ever flee,
To those waters, which forever
Flow on to the endless sea.

Yet, methinks, as still I'm dreaming
Of those sunlit days of yore,
That their skies for me are gleaming,
And I am a youth once more.

Past visions sweet, in long array
Doth through my memory glide,
As I the misty past survey
In solitude, at eventide.

Through all of life's meandering ways
An unseen hand has led me on;
With a grateful heart my soul surveys
God's goodness in life's setting sun.

As as upon the brink of Time
I silently lingering stand,
Realize well this truth sublime,
Thinking of that better land.

Then farewell ! vanished days of yore !
Yet thou'rt a solace to old age ;
Though I behold thy scenes no more,
Thy memories will my grief assauge,

THE DARING ATHLETE

COME. drink to the health of the daring athlete,
With elastic body and swift flying feet ;
Undaunted and fearless he flies through the air,
In the saw-dust arena to do and to dare ;
Takes his life in his hand, as he bows to the throng,
Courts death with a smile, to him be my song !
Then quaff to the health of him who we meet—
This generous and courteous, this daring athlete.

Ah ! little we know of his trials to win,
Of his powers of endurance, 'mid life's conflict and din,
As he strives to excel, to win the applause
Of a public that go to encourage his cause.
On flying trapeze, on horizontal bar,
He rises above—a bright, glittering star ;
Then together, as one, in concord we meet,
And drink to the health of the daring athlete.

OLD YEAR, GOODBYE!

OLD year, goodbye! we softly sigh,
Adieu now, and forever;
Farewell thy joys, farewell thy woes,
But their remembrance, never.
Adown Time's stream our sails still gleam,
And out on life's vast ocean;
Yet sails there are, more blest and fair,
We love with fond devotion,
Whose voyage is o'er, which gleam no more
Amid its fierce commotion—
Past, with fond hearts, into that rest—
The peaceful harbor of the blest.

A last adieu! Fond hearts, so true,
Will on thy written pages
Thy record scan, each blessing ban,
In the oncoming ages.
A Nation's grief,* sought for relief,
When Freedom 'bove was bending
With weeping eyes, 'neath low'ring skies,
As up to Heaven ascending
Rose a nation's cry to God on high,
With sobs and prayers ablending;
And as thou leavest this land of tears,
Thou hast garnered thy sheaves with the bygone years.

Yet still there will fall o'er one and o'er all,
The sunlight of joy, the shadow of sorrow;

Oh, bright eyes that gleam, which in ecstasy dream,
 Trust God and sweet Heaven for each coming 'morrow ;
 Loved lips that are still, oh, never to thrill
 Below with sweet songs of sacred devotion,
 We yet still will press with loving caress,
 In that land beyond life's dark, stormy ocean,
 As thro' the cycle of years eternity appears,
 And our soul shall respond with a rapturous emotion,
 Old year, with our joys and our sorrows, farewell,
 We're still nearer Heaven when we heareth thy knell.

*In reference to the assassination of President James A. Garfield in the spring of 1881.

TO IDA C_____

WHAT shadowy mystery veils thy brain
 Oh, Ida, once so young and fair ?
 Hath sad misfortune proved a bane,
 To make your life one of despair ?
 Left lonely thus, shall friends forsake,
 And call thee one of the *insane* ?
 To cause a sorrowing heart to break,
 When friends should cheer thee once again.

Loved ones departed to the Great Unknown,
 Hath grief for them thus crazed your brain ?
 Forsaken by friends once called your own,
 'Tis enough to snap the brain in twain.
 Yet look thou still to God on high,
 A Friend that never will forsake,
 For angels still are hovering nigh
 To love and cheer, tho' thy heart should break.

DREAMING

FLOAT on my bark adown Time's stream,
As sunset skies doth blushing gleam
O'er the fond dreamer in his dream!

Siren of song! thy voice I hear
In rippling cadences rising clear—
My restless soul to fondly cheer.

A restless world goes surging by;
I heed it not, and often sigh
That loveliest flowers of earth should die.

My thoughts are fixed on those I love;
Dear ties on earth, in Heaven above—
Type of the bright and heavenly dove.

Float on, my bark, out o'er life's sea!
My soul with holy thoughts bounds free
Upon the wings of melody!

Loved One; as golden skies doth gleam
O'er the fond dreamer in his dream—
Thou'rt his pure and cherished theme.

And though storm-clouds hang, often, drear
O'er life's wayfaring voyager,
Thy angel face will ever cheer!

THE SPIRIT OF SONG

BRIGHT spirit of the dreamland sphere,
Softly breathe the song I love to hear ;
As the mur'ring brooklet onward flows,
Gently chasing, rippling as it goes,
Bounding with joy o'er its rocky bed,
Gliding away thro' marsh and mead,
So let sweet music's joyful sound
In soothing cadences upward bound.

Aye! let its strains be free and deep,
As up life's rugged pathway steep
It greets the pilgrim on his way,
Who at the wayside kneels to pray ;
In soothing tones to greet the ear
Of each wayfaring voyager ;
To thrill the soul of him who hears,
As wand'ring through this vale of tears.

Enchanter ! of the magic wand,
Forerunner of that better land,
Waft softly o'er earth's troubled sea
Notes of enchanting melody,
As on the soft and ambient air
With golden wings they soar afar,
Breathing the longings of the soul.
Cheering it onward to the goal.

Light as the swallow that skims along,

Breathe softly forth thy magic song;
Drive from the soul each dark despair,
And bid bright sunlight enter there;
To gently o'er the senses steal,
And move the stony heart to feel,
As in melodious cadences it dies away,
Down the winding vale of life's pathway.

Bright spirit of the golden wing,
Breather of each fond imagining,
As gleams the glowing sunset sky,
And fleecy clouds are flitting by—
Waft thou upon the evening breeze,
With its silvery, rippling cadences,
The song the weary soul loves to hear,
That softly breathes of a better sphere.

PLAY THE HARP

STRIKE the harp, with fingers light,
Play with skillful hands to-night ;
Let sweet notes softly ascend,
Gentle voices with them blend ;
Let the soul now wafted be
On the wings of melody.

Gently play the harp to-night,
Fairest one, with eyes so bright ;
Breathing forth a sweet refrain,
Let it bind the mystic chain
Of enchantment 'round the soul,
All life's sorrows to control,

Softly play the harp to-night,
As around the fireside bright
Gathers the family circle there,
Resting from life's weary toil and care,
And let each soul for awhile be free
From a cold world's scornful mockery.

Then strike the chords, and let the strain
Breathe forth a sweet and soft refrain,
Letting enchantment with us dwell,
Binding us with its magic spell,
Then awake the harp, fair one, to-night,
Filling the weary soul with delight.

M A Y

THE queenly month hath come at last—
The beautiful fairy month of May,
The glorious landscape, oh, how vast
With beauties spread 'round my pathway ;
Her flowers in various hues are shaped
With symmetrical beauty to the eyes,
While clambering vines at last have reached
The cottage roof—to cause a glad surprise.

The busy hum of bees are heard,
The bleating lambs from out the dell
Come frisking o'er the grassy sward,
While birds their praises swell—
With their heavenly music sounding far
O'er woodlands green and babbling brook,
While comes the balmy zephyr near
And whisp'ring low, finds each secret nook.

The flowers are in rich profusion spread
O'er grassy lawns, thro' woodlands green,
While babbling brooks o'er rock bed
Doth ripple its waves where willows lean—
Hast'ning on its course, 'long mossy bank,
Thro' grassy vales 'mid waving reeds,
Gently murmuring its praise as if to thank
The God of Nature as on it speeds,

All Nature sings while willows wave
Their drooping branches to and fro,

And joyful hearts beat free and brave,
While the soft and gentle zephyrs blow.
Ah, beautiful May! thou fairy queen,
Silently thou hast come the soul to bless,
With thy beauties dear to be seen,
And the beautiful garb of Nature for dress.

THE FUTURE

WHAT lies before, none, none can tell
But God, the great Invisible.
We hope, we strive, with noble aim
To climb the slippery steeps of fame;
Come weal or woe, whate'er betide—
With steady hands our barks to guide
O'er life's vast, seething restless sea,
Toward an unknown futurity.
Yet none but God our course can tell,
But, trusting Him, all will end well.

On poverty's hovels as on palaces fair
God's glorious sunlight shineth there;
And cradled there proud genins lies,
In cottage lowly, 'neath golden skies,
Yet who knows the future of a humble soul
But He who men's destinies control,
Misfortunes must and will give way
Before brave souls in life's great fray;
And with the future all will end well,
If we trust God, the Invisible.

AND ART THOU GONE?

AND art thou gone ? like the fading leaf—
Swept away before the cruel blast,
To leave me alone on life's perilous reef
To mourn for thee, my star of the past ?
While I sit in sorrow with bow'd head
Weeping for thee—and art thou *dead* ?

In life thou wast my guiding star,
Now what is life without thee ?
To wring from me the bitter tear,
While tossing on life's turbid sea ;
All alone I ride the billows o'er,
Straining my eyes to view the other shore.

Thy loving eyes no more shall beam
With tenderness into my soul,
And, oh, how long the weary hours seem
Without thee, As Time doth roll
His wheels, thy gentle voice so sweet
Is silent ! and shall we *never* meet ?

Ah, yes, thou'rt gone ; but soon I'll meet thee,
When Time here to me shall be no more ;
Then, yes, then ! my soul shall greet thee
In that land—the Golden Shore ;
Thou'rt gone, but to bid me come,
And show the way to that heavenly home.

Then farewell!—but for a season,
'Twill be short ; 'twill soon be o'er,
When on her throne totters Reason,
And the Master bids me war no more ;
Then shall I, with my pilgrimage o'er,
Greet thee on that celestial shore.

THE TRUE WIFE

THERE'S a voice far sweeter than the chiming of bells.
A voice full of music as upward it swells ;
Its echoes resound in the pavilion of souls,
As soothing, and lulling, rebounding it rolls,
Its chariot of love thro' the bright dreamland sphere,
And we know she who guides us is still with us here ;
In joy or in sorrow she still is the same,
And her husband and children will reverence her name.

The bright setting sun still crimsones the west
With its mantle of gold, as returning to rest
The partner of her bosom she greets at the gate
With s sweet hallow'd kiss, for love conquers hate.
From life's toils and cares how sweet to repose
With those that we love, secure from all foes ;
And the angels of God will bless the true wife
With bright. fadeless laurels, 'mid the cares of this life.

MAID OF MERCY

BEAUTIFUL damsel, bright and fair,
Maiden with the golden hair!
Pure and chaste, ne'er doth deceit
Lurk within those eyes so sweet.
On thy pale and classic brow
Rest the golden sunlight's glow,
As its mellowy rays divine
Do thy being now enshrine,
As adown the blushing West
Phœbus softly sinks to rest.

Child of song! whose silvery voice
Bids the weary soul rejoice,
As adown the vale of time
Float its cadences sublime—
Pure and holy is thy mission,
Sweet is thy fond soul's fruition,
As thy smiles, 'mid hovels drear,
Find their way, with words of cheer,
As pale lips, in grateful prayer,
Bless thee in thy mission there.

Though life's way is rough and dreary
Oft' to souls so sad and weary,
From thy features, softly streaming,
Heaven's own rays are gently beaming,
As in calm, sweet resignation,
To the God of all creation

Thou dost bow in deep contrition,
For our race doth make petition;
Maid of mercy! source of love!
Angels guard thee from above,

WRITING POETRY FOR A LIVING

WRITING poetry for a living, with some it is well
To weave in each rhyme a mystic-like spell;
With others 'tis hard to gain a living so plain
In wooing the Muse, to madden the brain,
If your poems are published it oft' is the same,
As the poet gets the chaff of a fast-fleeting fame;
For publishers oft' take all you give from your store
With not even thanks, and the "wolf" at your door,

Young Chatterton died in a London garret, so bare,
That "marvelous boy," with a proud, calm despair—
A suicide's death—publishers then were loth to give.
A pittance so meager that the poet might live,
Lord Tennyson's poem on "Sleep," of sixty-one words,
'Mid the laughter of children and the carol of birds,
Brought him forty-five dollars per word, 'tis all in a name,
All's well, when you've surmounted the high ladder of
fame.

THERE'S WORK TO DO

UP brothers, there is work to do;
Heard you not the temperance call?
Shall ye not then prove true,
And arouse you, one and all?
If we stand thus idly waiting,
For a great work to be done,
And no helping hand extending
To lift up the fallen one,
Vain will be our expectations
That the future will be bright,
While our land, like heathen nations,
Still remains in slavish plight,

Shall we shrink from a duty
That we know is our's to do?
On the fallen have no pity,
And not to them prove true?
Shall intemperance still prevail.
Aye! such a dreadful ban?
And you before the monster quail—
Call then yourself *a man*?
If so, God pity us all!
For cowards, let them begone,
For they cast a pall
Over the good that might be done.

God is on the side of right,
And His arm powerful and true,
And He'll lead us in the fight,

If we're willing to dare and do.
Then be up and onward marching,
See the havoc the foe has made,
Let us that great work be doing,
Wielding forth the temperance blade ;
For if we linger, idly waiting,
For some one else the work to do.
When we see our dear ones dying,
Shall we then, as men, prove true ?

BRIGHTER DAYS AHEAD

BRIGHTER days will come again,
Pleasure yet will banish pain,
When the storm-clouds roll away,
And the joyous sunlight play
O'er thy features wan with care,
Then, sad soul, be of good cheer.

Voices yet will sweetly chime
Music down the shores of Time ;
Joyous songs will sweetly rise
Wafted to yon starry skies,
Breathing a low and sweet refrain
That bright days will come again,

Love, cease then to sigh or weep,
Guardian angels still will keep
Thee in charge, with tender care
Shield thee from life's dangers here :
Weary now thy hours may be,
Yet sweet joy will come to thee,

THE SAILOR

FAR away out on the deep blue sea,
Where the blowing winds are piping free,
On a gallant ship the sailor goes,
O'er where each ocean current flows ;
With a heart so light, a soul so free,
He courts the perils of the sea,

He seils 'neath glowing sunset skies,
'Neath those where howling tempests rise.
And with a calm and fearless eye,
Sees the swift hurricane sweep by ;
And with a strong and steady hand
Guides aafely the vessel to the land,

Aye! jolly the life the sailor leads,
And fraught with events of daring deeds,
As o'er the angry, raging main
The vessel flies with creaking strain,
Watched o'er by Him who rules the skies.
And lulls the tempests when they rise.

Child of the sea! with fearless eye,
Sailing o'er unseen danger nigh,
That's hidden 'neath the mighty deep,
Where its gigantic monsters sleep,
Ever fearless is thy manly tread
Above the grave of thy kindred dead,

Sail on, within thy ship of state,
 Oh, sailor! with thy soul elate;
 The rushing waves are music to thy ear,
 Thou fearest not the storm-cloud drear.
 Though perilous be the life of thine,
 A hand protects thee that is divine,

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

SHE'S a goddess nymph of beauty, as her bright and golden hair
 Ripples 'round her classic features, o'er a noble forehead there.
 And her eyes like diamonds sparkle, lit up with bright sunny
 smiles,
 And her ways are e'er bewitching, fascinating are her wiles;
 She weaves a web of finest texture, and she lures within her net
 Men who love her to distraction, and they're struggling there as
 yet,
 As with magic power she holds them, and she moulds them to
 her will—
 She's a siren irresistible, shrewd and subtle is her skill,

Then her peals of silvery laughter ring like music to the stars,
 As she sees vain man a-struggling 'twixt her finely woven bars,
 " 'Tis in vain," she softly murmurs, "for you thus to struggle so,
 For my prisoner you are ever till I will that you can go."
 Strong men yield to her entreaties, and for her they e'er would die,
 Yield their breath on her fair bosom, without either groan or sigh.
 Magic is thy spell, O, woman, potent is thy sovereign power,
 Be it yet for good or evil in the sweet seductive hour,

F O R S A K E N

FORSAKEN! deserted thus to stray
Lonely o'er life's rugged way ;
Left 'mid sorrow, woe or pain,
Soiled by sin's polluted stain,
Wanderer lone, shall thy hard lot
E'en to memory be forgot ?

Left thus, shall no friend be near
To wipe away the falling tear ?
Or Sympathy with her tender hand
Soothe thee with her magic wand ?
Deserted one on life's tempestuous wave
Is no one thinking of thy soul to save ?

Cast on the rocks where dashing spray
Doth shower its mist and ebb away,
Thy soul with deep'ning sorrow see
No haven of rest where it might flee ;
And will no helping hand be near
To shield thee in the hour of fear ?

A fugitive from fatherland,
Forsaken by thy kindred band—
Deep is the anguish of thy heart.
And no dear one to bear a part ?
To share with thee forsaken one
The trials of life's journey, just begun ?

Forsaken! and by ALL?
 And to by human weakness, fall?
 No, NOT ALL! it cannot be,
 As long as Sympathy shall be free,
 And a God above, so just, so true,
 Will, wanderer, see thee safely through.

FAREWELL TO CHICAGO

Somewhat after the style of Alexander Pope's "Farewell to London,"
 when the author left Chicago, in the fall of 1887, for Kansas.

FAREWELL! presumptuous city, farewell!
 Each haunt of vice, and gambling hell!
 Each "galley slave," who strives to thrive
 On five-cent lunches to keep alive,
 Farewell! poor slaves, to stick and rule,
 Each arrogant knave, conceited fool;
 To brutish brawls and brutal "cops,"
 Shallow-brain'd dandies, witless fops,
 To the fair maidens and the old maids,
 And bachelors on their nightly parades,
 Farewell! to damning woes and pain,
 Where cherished hopes prove void and vain;
 Where the breath of death floats on the gale.
 Fortunes to sink, and rich men fail,
 Farewell! saloons—gateways of hell;
 Thou sin-cursed city, farewell, farewell!

D R I F T I N G

D R I F T I N G out on an unknown tide
Out on a world so strange and wide,
Lonely my sail doth onward go,
Toss'd by the billows to and fro.
Dark are the storm-clouds o'erhead,
Heavy the Storm-King's lightning-tread.
Drifting whither? Who can tell
But the great Invisible?

Sailing out on an unknown sea!
Unto Heaven. O, God, and Thee,
Doth the weary soul look for aid
'Mid life's checkering light and shade,
As beneath, Death's hand we feel
Wrenching at the lab'ring keel.
Father, God. our pilot be
'Mid storms of adversity.

Into the haven of the blest
Guide Thou us to that land of rest;
Then at anchor we shall lie
Where the sunlights never die.
Onward drifting o'er the main,
Where loved ones we'll meet again,
Standing by the crystal sea,
Waiting, weary soul, for thee.

LIFE'S CONFLICT

IN life's fray, with firm endeavor,
 Strive we to be true forever ;
 Come what may, in times of danger
 Act the part of a fearless range ;
 Tho' grim Death may o'er thee hover,
 And the smoke of battle cover
 The vast field of war's dominion,
 Rank not with the knave or minion
 Who leave brave men to fight their battles,
 As the death-hail 'round them rattles
 With their messages of death,

 Onward, upward, ever ascending,
 Let thy feet be always wending
 Paths of virtue, love, devotion,
 'Mid a world of great commotion ;
 False hearts, with their idle scorning
 Oft' hath clothed fond souls in mourning i
 Traitors have brought desolation
 By their acts to all creation,

 Wouldst thou climb the steeps of fame.
 Strive to earn an honor'd name,
 That thy deeds may live forever ?
 With thy sword then bravely sever
 Hydra heads of death, pollution,
 Solve at last life's great solution ;
 That to win the love of a nation
 Breathe to it true inspiration
 Of country, home, of right endeavor.
 True unto all, and God, forever,

FOR THEE ALONE

FOR thee alone, my cherish'd own,
I still would live ;
Wealth cannot give the joys that spring
From founts that give
Unmeasur'd love, like that above !
As far away
From thee I roam, from native home,
For thee I pray,

And when at eve life's cares I leave
To seek some spot
Where sweet flowers nod their heads to God,
All else forgot
But thee, my own ; as on their throne
Through heaven's blue
The glittering stars shoot silvery bars
To think of you.

'Neath swaying trees, by dallying breeze
Lull'd into rest,
My soul would be awhile with thee —
Ah ! yet be blest
With thy sweet face and gentle grace,
Thy voice so sweet,
Whose music rings on airy wings
To my retreat.

Brave souls will win amid life's din,
Amid its cares,

Though the world frown on hearts cast down
 In sighs and tears.
 For fond love still will brook no ill,
 But victor be
 O'er dastard foes would would oppose
 True hearts so free,

EVER FAITHFUL

EVER faithful would I be
 Fairest Love, still unto thee;
 Let a proud world pass thee by
 With its hollow mockery—
 Yet thou art a star to me
 Shining o'er earth's troubled sea.

Chaste art thou, so pure and fair,
 Angels linger with thee there
 At bright eve's soft, golden glow,
 Guardians of my Love, I know,
 As the soft and sighing breeze
 Whispers thro' the forest trees.

Constant, faithful to the end,
 May our love together blend,
 Bound by one sweet, holy tie,
 Faithful till at last we die;
 Then our souls may ever be
 True throughout eternity.

SPIRIT OF LOVE

SPIRIT of love, from Heaven above,
Calm thou our fears,
And with thy hand stanch ev'ry wound,
And dry our tears.

Tbo' dark the night, thou yet wilt light
Us on our way ;
Each wanderer lone is still thy own,
As low they pray.

How blest are those whose trust repose
In God secure ;
Who meekly bear their load of care,
Life's toils endure,

How sweetly swells. o'er hills and dells,
The voice of song ;
To upward rise 'neath starry skies,
God's praise prolong,

O'er life's dark sea, O, God, to Thee
We onward sail ;
With Thou, our guide, we'll safely ride,
Fear not the gale.

THE ALL-AROUND PRINTER

HE's an all-around printer, then bear it in mind
That but few of this class you seldom will find
Who from "devil" to editor bears his own load of care,
Like an Atlas to stand without tremor or fear;
And it takes a man of genius I'll have you to know
Who as an all-around printer has his own row to hoe.

Just glance at the duties he's expected to do:
First, the work of the "devil" he perambulates through;
Then the job work and press work falls next to his lot
Which he circulates through at a pace that's red-hot;
And the type for the paper he'll then have to set,
And at the make-up stone dances a minuet,

Then oft' in the columns there are plenty of space
For the news there is lacking to fill up the place.
To the sanctum he rushes—the editor is out—
"I wonder what in the hell that man is about?"
He cries in his frenzy; "talking politics on the street;
He'd better be here getting out his beggarly sheet."

So he seizes an exehange and a huge pair of shears,
And clips therefrom where "wit and humor" appears
Enough of "phat matter" to fill up the space,
And from "devil" to editor he has risen apace,
Or oft' writes a "local to fill up the form,
Ere he locks up the news with a true, steady arm,

He is the true lever that often moves all,

For such duties on him are destined to fall ;
And the people oft' wonder : "Well, that's a great head
That give vent to such jokes that in his columns are read,"
And the editor smiles as he hear his praise from afar,
And softly whispers : "I'll treat that 'chump' to a five-cent
cigar,"

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

WITH light hearts free we welcome thee,
 Bid care begone, and joy serene
Make merry with its melody

 The souls who greet each shifting scene
Upon life's great dramatic stage,
From blushing youth to hoary age.

Through lighted hall let music fall,
 And sparkling eyes their joy attest ;
Sweet songs our beings to enthrall,
 And our society shall be blest ;
And may our aim be noble, grand,
A blessing to our native land.

In warm debate on questions great
 Let wisdom all our acts control ;
A mighty power that is innate.
 That which bespeaks a noble soul.
Then let our hearts with joy be free,
And God bless our society,

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD

BY OHIO'S winding river, in a cottage on the hill,
As the light of day was breaking, and was hushed the
whippoorwill—
Came into a world of wonder, came into a world of care,
Mother's child of sad misfortune, as the crowing chanticleer
Chimed the hour of the adventist, as the sun rose bright
and fair,
Mirroring itself in the waters of Ohio's bosom there.

Then an infant fondly nursing, lay upon its mother's breast
In an ivy vine-clad cottage, with a mother's love was blest ;
As the steamboats with its cargo, landed their precious
freight below,
In my days of sunny childhood, in the happy "long ago."
Chiming bells o'er rippling waters, ever sounding sweet and
clear,
From the "Floating Palace" * ringing, wafted their music
to me here.

There in sunny old Kentucky, where Salt River in its flow
Kiss fair, beautiful Ohio, wandered I then, as the glow
Of a crimson, golden sunset lined the fleecy clouds with
gold,
O'er the home of my sweet childhood, in the sunny days
of old ;
As I in my childish wonder gazed on Nature's grand array.
Of her beauties ever stretching back into the yesterday.

Through the mists of years descending down the sound-
ing aisles of Time,
Visions of those loved ones greet me, as ther voices softly
chime,
Bounding ever o'er life's ocean through the space of starry
blue,
"We, in spirit, still are with you, still to thee art ever true,"
Sacred home of joyful childhood, thou hast fallen to decay,
But "forget-me-nots" from thy ashes bless me at the present
day.

Now an honest man a-battling in the arena of this life,
With God's help to prove a victor in the great contestant
strife,
I can gaze with love and pleasure in fond retrospective
view,
O'er the sweet scenes of my childhood, which to me are
ever true;
Of Ohio's murmuring river, of Kentucky's sunny shore,
And that home still dear forever, tho' I see them never-
more.

* A steamboat with a chime of bells, which used to ply the Ohio
River during the years of 1854 and 1855.

I WOULD NOT MOURN IN SORROW

I WOULD not mourn in sorrow for the hopes that now are
dead,

I would not grieve my life away for joys forever fled!
Though dreary days come one by one, and dark may be
the way,

I know that God, who rules o'er all, will be the wanderer's
stay.

Cease thy repining, O, my soul! for it will naught avail
To sit and brood in deep despair, or like the coward quail;
Face thou the worst with a bright smile, and trust God for
the rest,
For brave hearts o'er the ills of life as victors shall be blest.

Let then misfortune's shafts descend, and deadly be the
fray,
With foes without and foes within, I'd onward take my way,
Amid the gloom that shrouds my path with firm, unfalter-
ing tread,
My eyes still fixed upon that Christ who for my soul hath
bled,

In calm, sweet resignation, I'd bear my load of care;
Speak words of comfort to sad hearts and dry each falling
tear;
Know that my mission here below is not to e'er repine,
But breathe to all of that great God whose mission was
divine,

THE DESERTED HOME

'TIS MOLDERING away, and the marks of decay
Are left on the old home forever,
And the ivy vines creep, and owls revels keep
O'er its walls by the beautiful river ;
O'er each crumbling wall as the moonbeams fall
On that home now silent and lonely.
Where once voices rang and in melody sang
Songs sacred, perchance, to me only ;
And I sit there alone as the river flows by,
And muse how to live and learn how to die.

The whippoorwill is calling, the bright leaves are falling
In the forest, where once I did wander,
And the night breezes sigh as the rustling leaves lie
At my feet, as in silence I ponder ;
And weird shadows dance, like phantoms to prance,
As tall trees above me are swaying ;
As I gaze with a sigh on the ruins close by,
As owls thro' its rafters are playing ;
Yet dear is the home that is crumbling away,
Though fallen to earth and gone to decay.

There the old orchard stands where once loving hands
Cull'd its fruit from the boughs above me ;
Where voices still dear once greeted my ear
In laughing and musical melody ;
And the old-fashion'd well where sparkling, water fell
From moss-covered buckets is standing.

Tho' tall weeds have grown 'round that home once my
own,
And gone is the old boat-landing ;
Yet e'er to my heart will this spot still be dear,
And visions of the past with their presence be near.

THOU STILL ART FAIR

THOU still art fair to me, tho' Time hath set his seal
Upon thy care-worn brow ; the same pure love to feel,
As in the days of yore, when thy golden hair
Nestled about thy lovely face so fair ;
When thy beautiful eyes like bright stars shone,
As I, with loyal pride, called thee my own.

Ah ! yes, still fair. tho' thy cheek is pale,
Where once blushed love's bright, roseate glow,
For the love of a true heart ne'er shall fail,
Let come what may, come weal or woe ;
For thou'rt the same as when a fair bride,
When we launched our sail on life's placid tide.

Though thy golden hair be turned to gray,
And the lines of care mark thy dear face,
Yet the same sweet smile o'er its features play,
And thy form still stamped with comely grace ;
Tho' Times sets his seal on your sweet face there,
Yet my winsome bride will e'er be fair,

AT EVENTIDE

SOFTLY ascending. joyfully blending,
Rise sweet voices, glad and free—
Softly singing, gayly winging,
Love-notes o'er Life's restless sea.

Moonbeams glancing, softly dancing,
Sparkle in the airy blue :
As resounding, upward bounding,
Float the songs of lov'd ones true.

Fond hearts, beating, are repeating
Tales of those bright days of yore ;
Of those 'bove us, who still love us—
Lov'd ones on the Golden Shore.

Sweet harps, ringing, now are winging
Forth sweet cadences of love,
As a-dreaming, fond eyes, gleaming,
Seek the dreamy stars above.

Luna beaming. softly streaming,
Floods with light the golden hair
Of the maiden, sorrow laden—
God's own choice, peculiar care.

THE SEAMSTRESS

FAIR and slender, pale yet lovely, sat a woman late at night.

Stitching wearily on the garments by the dull and flickering light

Of the lamp, as moving shadows flitted, vaguely, to and fro

'Round the scantily furnished chamber, as the dying embers glow

Faintly on the hearthstone by her. On a little couch close by

Lay a fair-hair'd boy a-sleeping, and she heaved a broken sigh

As she gazed on his fair features, for she lived for him alone,

For of all of earth's possessions he was all she'd call her own.

Of't would the gray dawn of morning gather on the eastern sky

Ere she closed her eyes in slumber with a sad and weary sigh ;

Scant her wages, fierce the battle, that they might not want for bread,

As a cold world onward passing, stalked by with a ruthless tread ;

Yet how beautiful in her slumber, as the angels from above

Guard them in their peaceful slumber, for they know a mother's love.

Still the fair hands keep on stitching as the weary days
pass by,
With a trust in God unshaken, as He heeds her plaintive
cry.

O, how many hearts so weary toil thus on day after day,
Looking on the bright side ever, though still dark may be
their way;
Hoping, trusting, that though dreary, light my yet divinely
shine
On their pathway, in their sorrow, with a joyful love
divine,
Toiling on in mighty cities for a paltry crust of bread—
Wages that breathe of starvation and the city of the dead.
Oh, ye who are blest with plenty, if ye are of human
kind,
In your kind and noble actions bear the seamstress well
in mind.

TO THE RIGHT BE TRUE

'MID life's conflict do your duty,
Let thy heart be light and free;
Wisdom's path is one of beauty,
Tread it then with joyous glee;
Though thy foes do hard oppress thee,
Taunting thee with words of hate,
Great is the reward that waits thee
At the bright and golden gate,

He who would in life's hard battle
Strive to earn a hero's name,
Must amid the death-shot's rattle
Fearlessly Right's cause proclaim;
Cheer his comrades, weary, fainting,
Onward toward the destined goal:
In proud colors bravely painting
Deeds of an undaunted soul,

There are scorers, scoffers ever
Hov'ring 'round the path you tread,
Ready to each dear tie sever,
Showing forth a hydra head;
Yet with brave determined spirit,
And with sword of honor bright,
The true manliness you inherit,
They appalled will shrink from sight,

Let not fear cause thee to falter;
If a man, why, be a man

Never once thy true course alter,
Nobly onward lead the van ;
In the future lies the token
That shall crown the victor's brow,
Gems of love, for lances broken,
For fulfilled, unbroken vow,

Heaven will shield the brave defender
Of the right, 'gainst wrong and sin ;
He who acts as a contender
'Gainst the many foes within.
Then as onward thou'rt pressing,
With a soul to dare and do,
If thou wouldst expect a blessing,
Ever to the right be true.

SAVE OUR LOVED ONES

ARISE, arise! and our dear ones save,
 From the horrors of a drunkard's grave;
 Come hither, ye true and loyal souls
 To where the tide Intemperance rolls,
 And ere they 'neath its dark waves sink—
 Oh! snatch them from its accursed brink.

There is a hand that rules the skies
 Who leads us on to victories.
 Fear not, oh, brave and valiant band,
 Jehovah by your side doth stand;
 Omnipotent power is on your side,
 And will you on to victory guide.

Save the future hopes of our nation
 From the whirlpool of damnation;
 Let not those rising stars now fall
 From Heaven's galaxy—our all—
 To sink 'neath the dark tide of woe,
 Their heavenly course no more to know,

Press on! nor let thy courage fail;
 Brave souls were never known to quail;
 The sword of the spirit ever wield,
 Heaven the cause of right will shield.
 Tho' fallen low, wretched man of woe,
 Dash down the death-cup and join 'gainst the foe.

G O D ' S P O O R

THEY own no lordly castles,
No wealth at their command ;
They are not slaves or vassals,
Though they own not a foot of land ;
Grim Want is oft' their master,
And the way is dark and long,
And storm-clouds come the faster,
Yet their faith is firm and strong ;
For they know that in a manger
Once the Lord anointed lay,
Who courted every danger—
God of the Sabbath day.

They read with pride the story
Of the lowly Nazarene,
How the blessed Lord of glory
In humble garb was seen ;
How He taught the unbelieving
That they by faith might see
The truths He was revealing
On the shores of Gali'ee ;
His voice still down the ages
Still speaks unto the soul,
As still life's conflict rages :
"Arise, and be made whole !"

Their's is the humble cottage,
Yet a Paradise within,
Where happy youth and fond old age

Are purified from sin ;
Where Nature's hand in sweet array
Decks with her fragrant flowers
That home in which the lov'd ones stay,
As vanish the happy hours ;
Though frugal is their daily fare,
And scant, perchance, may be,
Yet softly rise devotion's prayer
To Thee. O, God, to Thee !

Their's is the humble, lowly lot,
But from the hearthstone there
Great men have risen, ne'er forgot,
Whose names all hearts revere,
Firm faith and perseverance will
In life's great battle win,
If each his mission will fulfill
To triumph over sin.
God's poor the are, yet brave
To meet each daring foe,
The victor's banner wave
In life's sweet autumn's glow.

TO LUCY

AS LONE I lie, 'neath yon bright sky,
 'Mid daisies 'round me growing ;
As soft winds sigh their lullaby,
 Sweet odorous breezes blowing ;
And rust'ling trees with whisp'ring leaves
 Above me softly swaying—
'Tis then to thee, unfetter'd, free,
 My thoughts are ever straying.

Thou'rt well aware, how fond I care
 For thee, in sadness leaving
My soul's bright star, that from afar
 Hath set my soul to grieving.
What fate is mine, I'll not repine,
 But true to thee forever
My soul would be, faithful and free,
 Love's chain, ah! ne'er to sever.

Let false friends flee, thou true to me
 Is heaven's best envied token ;
For blest are those whose trust repose
 In sacred vows unbroken.
Let love below have that pure glow,
 Still loyal, undeceiving,
Then souls so blest will have sweet rest,
 And not in sadness grieving.

Come weal or woe, let rude winds blow,
 And thunders o'er me mutter,

I'll little care, nor cause to fear,
As thy sweet name I utter ;
For 'tis a charm that nerves my arm,
Lov'd ones at home defending
From prowling foes, vice to oppose,
On God's great power depending.

SHALLOW-BRAINED EDITORS

A Satire.

COME now, and view this motley array—
The shallow-brain'd editors of to-day ;
"Returned with thanks," they loftily say,
But if it's sheer nonsense just toss it their way ;
For prize fights, dog fights, and base-ball score
They devote to their papers a full page or more ;
"Spring poet," they say, with jibe and with sneer,
When he, yes, by far, will rank as their peer,
And as fools they strut like a cock on the walk,
And air to the public their damnable talk,
And poetry and literature can languish and die
When the Press is ruled by such a "small fry."
To them the Augustian Age is a thing of the past,
The poet's bright laurels would they wither and blast,
And crush struggling Genuis who strives hard to rise
As a bright flashing star in dark, murky skies.

TRUE MANHOOD

IT is a precious, priceless gem,
Fairer than queen-like diadem
That sparkles on the regal brow;
In it are virtues bright and rare,
The light of God shines from it there,
Unbroken is each sacred vow.

Here love and mercy together blend,
And thro' its mazes e'er will wend
Fair Truth and Justice, hand in hand;
To lift a brother, tho' fallen low,
The study of mankind to know,
For equal rights fore'er to stand.

He who possesses this priceless gem—
This great God-given diadem—
Is a king among all honest men;
To work for his proud country's weal,
A human heart that's made to feel
The moving power of tongue or pen.

A man in deed as well as name,
Who ne'er dare seek to defame
The likeness of his sovereign God—
Will like a star in grandeur rise,
And like a beacon thro' the skies
Its light bless all on earth's green sod.

KNOW NOW THYSELF

KNOW now thyself in all thy ways,
Be never vain if others praise,
Be meek and humble, firm and strong,
With loyal soul that's full of song ;
By thine own efforts strive to rise—
Child of the earth, son of the skies :
Heed not the cruel taunt of scorn
Coming from the vicious or base-born ;
The haughty soul shall be cast down
To rank with the level of the clown,
And proud oppression grovel low
'Neath Freedom's just, vindictive blow.

Know now thyself in manhood's hour,
The feeling of a righteous power,
Brave in the conflict, true and kind,
Possessed of a God-given mind,
Tho' tempted, tried assailed, cast down,
Rise yet to win th' eternal crown ;
To live for others, O! how grand—
True patriot of thy native land.

Then as life's evening sunset rays
Sheds a golden light, and softly plays
O'er thy care-worn features, thy silver'd hair,
May it be said by others of thee there :
"His was a mission of mercy and love,
And souls will bless him when above
His spirit dwells in that land of light,
For his life was pure, and his heart was right."

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE

THE old log school-house in memory I see
With the sweet, leving faces still beaming on me,
Of the bright days of yore, when naught of a care
Caused my soul for a moment to harbor a fear.

Rough hewn were the benches, on long wooden 'legs,
Plain boards were the desks, on long oaken pegs
In the sides of the wall, and tho' homely the scene,
Still dear to the heart 'twill be living and green.

McGuffey's Fifth Reader, Ray's Arithmetic, part third,
Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, we conn'd o'er each
word;

Monteith's Geography, with its great maps to draw,
And the rap of the ferrule to us was the law.

Here oft' on Sundays met God's trusty few—
An old-fashion'd meeting, with hearts firm and true,
No organ was there, but as one they all sang,
As the room and the woods with their melody rang.

Romantic the spot, picturesque was the scene,
When Nature in her attire was gorgeous, serene;
Swaying saplings, forest trees like sentinels lone
Rose majestic and high, their claim to make known,

Hopewell was the name, on the brow of the hill,
Of the humble log school-house, while the brook and rill,

Murmur'd softly below o'er it smooth, rocky bed,
Repeating the same song as days vanish'd and sped,

Old Hopewell! I love thee! and the faces so fair,
Which once in thy precincts fondly gathered there,
Fair Ellen and Amanda, whom I ne'er can forget,
As their sweet spirit faces still haunt me as yet,

Cyrus Reed! ah! old schoolmaster, thy vision I see,
As adown the dim ages, thy form comes to me,
Still smiling and jovial, as on down Time's stream
My bark onward glides, with Heaven my dream.

Tho' lowly the spot, 'twill ever be dear,
Visions of the past with their presence be near;
And tho' years pass away, yet in memory still
Will I see the old log school-house on the brow of the hill.

LAND THAT WE LOVE

ALL HAIL! to the land where Freedom ascending
On pinions of light greet the home of the brave;
Where her beauteous form o'er each sleeper is bending,
O'er heroes who died the fair country to save.

Oh, blest be the flag—the hero's fond token
Of the sacrifice made for his country's proud weal,
Where patriot's deeds by noble acts are outspoken,
And the obdurate heart at last made to feel.

Oh, land that we love, where as equals all standing,
Nevermore shall be heard the foul clanking chain
Of the slave in his dungeon, where the Pilgrim fathers
landing
Caused the songs of sweet Freedom to re-echo again.

Fair literature and fond art, with the muses now wed
The past and the present, o'er the quick and the dead,
And religion and science heralds with trumps from afar,
The voice of their teachings under Bethlehem's star,

No dream is thy greatness, Oh, land of the free,
For thy fame has been heralded from sea unto sea,
In the archives of history thy great name will live,
To the oppressed and the fallen a new life to give.

FICKLE FORTUNE

IN MY madness have I sought thee,
Fondly, with the hope again
That when I at last did clasp thee
I would feel no woe or pain;
But like fleeting phantoms gliding
Thou has slipped from out my grasp,
While in mockery, still deriding,
Thou doth scorn my hand to clasp.

Often as the evening shadows
Weave their weird, fantastic shades,
As church bells from o'er the meadows
Echo down the winding glades—
Have I sought thee in my sadness,
That I might thy presence know,
Yet, 'twas vain, in all my madness,
To find thee at eve's bright glow.

In the busy marts of commerce,
Thro' the avenues of trade
Thy proud form is ever flitting
In sarcastic masquerade;
After thee mankind is flying,
With ambition in their train,
Struggling, grasping, ever dying,
While their hopes prove void and vain.

Ah! thy ways are oft' capricious,
And as men may know the more,

They become more avaricious
Adding still unto their store ;
As the rich are richer growing,
And the poor become more poor,
Are we wiser from the knowing,
Wiser than we were before ?

Fickle Fortune! Goddess, Fairy!
Subtle, treacherous are thy ways,
Let men still of thee be wary,
For like cards she with them plays,
In which game Fate oft' contending
Wins the victim as his own ;
On the chance some life depending,
Thus is life's great lesson known.

GREEDY PROFITEERS

VAMPIRES of the human race!
Profiteers, with a double face,
To humanity a disgrace,
With hard hearts of stone;
Living but for selfish gain,
By their acts to craze the brain
Of sad lives just on the wane,
To all love unknown.
Robbers of a loathsome brood,
Sucking out the human blood.

GOD BLESS OUR FLAG

GOD bless our flag where'er it wave
Blest emblem of the true and brave;
Ne'er shall the traitor or the knave
Trample it in the dust,
O'er mountain, hill and vale its stars,
With its bright, waving, sacred bars
Shall float o'er each true and God-like Mars,
For in just God we trust.

Wave free, unsullied, float on high;
For thee brave souls did nobly die,
And for their country without a sigh
Became a loyal sacrifice,
Thy dying soldier gazed on thee,
And smiled, despite his agony,
To see thy folds unfurled and free
Float o'er him as he dies.

God bless our flag! God of the brave!
Who unto us this emblem gave,
Our homes, our country ever save
From pestilence and woe.
Protect thou us from every ill,
Subject us all unto thy will,
And may we yet prove heroes still
In life's great conflict here below,

JUDGE NOT

JUDGE not humanity by thyself,
Or humble ways of the poor disdain ;
As striving for this worldly pelf
Thou followest in earth's glittering train ;
Bat one example, pure, sublime,
The human soul still holds in view,
He who once trod the shores of Time—
Jesus, the Christ—the God so true.

Scorn, if you will, with haughty pride
The lowly, and God's chosen few ;
And with thy ribaldry deride,
The paths of sin to still pursue,
But know that pride will have a fall,
O'er which oblivion's curtain draw,
To drink the wormwood and the gall,
To suffer the stern will of the law.

Perfection is not found in man,
And he who others' faults may see,
Let him his own heart closely scan,
And God be judge 'twixt thee and me :
And when life's sunset softly gleam,
And shed on thee its hallow'd rays,
As of heaven's paradise thou dream,
May fond souls bless thy closing days.

THE BALLOT

KEEP the ballot ever pure
 And the Nation will endure
 A proud monument of fame,
 Free from the foul stain of shame;
 Honest ballot, true and free,
 As the people's sovereignty.

'Tis a missive, simple, small,
 Yet proud Nations rise and fall,
 By its great and potent power,
 As each ever-changing hour
 Brings with quick and bated breath
 News of life or yet of death.

Guard the ballot! let no knave
 Dare corrupt! with bombast wave
 Colors false, by uses vile
 Dare intimidate the while;
 For each honest soul shall wield
 That great power while in the field.

By the ballot people rule,
 Sovereigns they of wisdom's school;
 "Cliques" and "rings" shall sink below,
 Sweet oblivion to know;
 For the people's will is law,
 Like a Hercules to draw.

Cast your ballot for the man

Who with true heart well can scan
Freedom's laws, and act for all.
Heed true Justice's lawful call;
Be an honor unto those
Who their trust in him repose.

THE OLD LOG CABIN

THE old log cabin, I love it so well,
When a boy I roamed free, thro' woodland and dell;
Its old-fashion'd fire-place, with its bright glowing fire,
Throwing its flickering light on mother and sire;
Tho' humble the place, 'twas a dear, sweet retreat.
From the dull cares of life the dear ones to meet,

Tho' humble the place and secluded the spot,
Its scenes and its pleasures cannot be forgot,
When a school boy I went to the school on the hill,
As I strove to excel with a hearty good will.
In my studies to please my teacher the while,
To win from her an approving smile.

The dear old log cabin where love dwelt supreme,
Tho' lowly its roof, yet sweet is the theme.
Its scenes and its days e'er dear to my heart,
Doth yet to my soul sweet solace impart;
The dear old log cabin which my infancy knew,
The blest sacred spot, with hearts ever true.

BABY IS KING

BABY is king! no use of trying
This stern fact at all denying;
All the household to him bowing,
Ever their allegiance vowing,
As his merry peals of laughter
With its music follow after.
On our knees he's often riding,
With true hands his course a-guiding,
Dimpled hands ours firmly holding.
And he will not bear a scolding.

O'er the floor he toddles, daring
Fears that seek to prove despairing;
Then he laughs in exultation
At his feat. In adoration
Mother catches him up, with kisses,
And the chance she never misses.
Into this and that he's peering,
With mischievous fingers tearing
Papers into bits of pieces,
Oft' breaks mamma's dinner dishes,
Yet this little king, we love him;
Tho' he's small, there's none above him.

O, how fond are the caresses
Of the mother, as she presses
Baby king, light of the household,
"Worth more than his weighs in gold."
For his love for us grows stronger,

As he stays with us the longer,
 Oft' he rules us as he pleases,
 As for this and that he teases
 Till he gets it, Spoiled and petted,
 Oft' hath we our course regretted;
 Yet we can, after all, but sing,
 "Baby is our merry, household king."

GO IN TO WIN

Go IN, my boy, go in to win,
 With a true and honest heart within;
 Tho' fickle fortune may disdain
 To woo the now, yet still again
 She my caress thee on the way
 When farther on, in life's great fray;
 E'er shun vile ways of vice and sin,
 And with brave heart go in to win.

The world is vast, its limits wide,
 Choose well the way, how to decide;
 For tempters here, and pitfalls there,
 Seek to lure thy soul to dark despair.
 Thy fondest hopes may oft' prove vain,
 When thy soul would reap the golden grain
 Of sweet success, yet 'mid life's din
 My boy be strong, go in to win,

"Unstable thou shalt not excel,"
 Is an old saying, mark it well,
 Kneel unto none, but unto God,
 Tho' chastening be His righteous rod:

Beset by snares and treacherous foes,
Hemmed in by sorrows, cares and woes ;
Rise in thy might, with hope within,
And the victor's wreath thou yet shalt win.

BE CHEERFUL

ARE you often sad and lonely ?
Is your soul with gloom cast down ?
God above your true friend only,
As a world on thee doth frown ?
What thro' trials may oppress thee,
Dark and lonely be thy way,
Look beyond life's heaving sea,
See yon bright star's beaming ray
Shining for thee in thy sorrow
With a holy light divine :
Know then that a brighter morrow
Will, thou lonely one, be thine.

Look around thee, see the beauty
Of God's handiwork divine,
Sweet flowers 'long the path of duty,
Smiling in the bright sunshine ;
Lovely Nature, ever teaching
Lessons of a holy love,
Thy attention e'er beseeching
With her scenes around, above.
Then be cheerful; ever trusting,
In omnipotent power divine,
For our God, all things adjusting
Will remember thee and thine.

THY WILL O, GOD, BE DONE

Lines written on the death of the daughter of the author, Mrs. Sarah Waite, of Iola, Kansas, September 20, 1920, at 32 years of age.

AND hast thou left us, daughter, fair,
And left this earth below ?
With thy little loved ones nestling there,
And thy husband bowed in grief and woe ?
'Tis hard to bear this dreadful blow
To see thee torn from out our grasp ;
With sweet consolation yet we know.
That we shall yet thy fair hands clasp
On God's fair, bright, eternal shore,
Where parting shall be nevermore.

Thy will, O, God ! not mine, be done,
Mysterious are Thy moving ways ;
Be Thou our Friend, when there is none
To brighten our dark, gloomy days ;
There in the home is a vacant chair,
No more shall beam her smiling face,
Yet in that brighter, better sphere,
We'll meet her in that heavenly place,
Why cling to earth when those we love
Seek that bright Heaven of God above ?
We bow to Thee, Oh, Holy One !
Thy will, O, God ! not mine, be done !

VOX POPULI VOX DEI*

'TIS THE voice of the people resounding I hear,
'Tis the voice of just God from His sphere ;
"Equal rights unto all from pauper to king,
Impartial justice to all unto a noble offspring :
Pure freedom of speech in life's arena so grand,
For the people is king in Freedom's sweet land,"
And oppressors they hear, and as tyrants forbear,
And with hydra heads cringe in fear and despair,
For the people rule here with omnipotent power,
As God shapes the way in each dark. trying hour.

The plowman that turn fair nature's green sod,
And measures his gain by foot and by rod ;
The merchant, mechanic and the laboring man,
With patriotism and pride their dominion scan ;
Tho' high or low each lot, 'tis sacred and dear,
And next to God and home their flag they revere ;
And on the breezès is borne the great joyous cry,
Exultantly ringing : "*Vox Populi, vox Dei !*"
Echoing o'er mountains, o'er dales, o'er the wide, wide sea,
From a true sovereign people, in the land of the free,

od shield and protect the fair land that we love,
As Freedom's sweet banner kisses God's sunlight above ;
When labor and capital clashes together in warlike array,
And great "strikes" ensue, and bloody the fray.
'Twixt brothers, beware ! for divided, you fall,
If you reap the whirlwind, thou shalt drink of the gall :

Seek not to oppress, or have wealth for a tool,
In trying to override, like a despot to rule;
For the people rule here, and as heroes they die,
As still rings the words: "*Vox Populi, vox Dei*," *

* "The voice of the People is the voice of God."

ENVY NOT

ENVY not thy wealthy neighbor,
Better tho' his lot may be,
But with perseverance labor,
With a soul exalted, free—
Free from vain conceit, so blighting,
From dark ignorance so blind,
Whose dark cloud fond souls benighting
Poisons many a noble mind.

Be content, tho' yet so lowly
In thy earthly lot below,
Let your thoughts e'er pure and holy,
Shed an influence all shall know,
And be felt by those around you,
For the weak shall be made strong,
With a heart that's ever true
As the poet's heartfelt song.

Strive e'er with a manly spirit,
E'er to show an earnest zeal

For the right, to still inherit
Love that can for others feel,
Envy none, but content ever
Let thy soul still constant be,
True to each noble endeavor,
From the sin of envy free.

THE GOLDEN RULE

IN THIS land of holy freedom,
Where God's spires of churches rise.
Pointing toward the God of Heaven,
Breathing of the great All-Wise;
Where on Sabbaths, with devotion,
In the sanctuary there,
From a world of dire commotion,
Gather souls in earnest prayer.
It is sweet for sisters, brothers.
Teachings of this rule pursue :
"Do ye all now unto others—
As ye would have men do to you."

In our busy marts of commerce,
In all avenues of trade,
We have strict rules, brief and terse.
That naught shall our rights invade :
And enforced to the very letter
Are these rules indeed as name,
All on business ways to better,
And to win an envied fame,

Yet 'mongst mankind do you ever
Hold in mind the Golden Rule,
And with as firm endeavor
Follow teachings of Wisdom's School ?

Have you a poor, yet honest neighbor
With whom Fate has been unkind ?
Day by day, with patient labor,
Toiling on, with willing mind,
Up the steep and rugged pathway,
With but thorns on every side,
In his solitude to pray
That God would his footsteps guide ?
Then with firm, Christian endeavor
Teachings of this rule pursue :
"Do ye ever unto others
As ye would have men do to you."

Ah ! this world would be much better,
If this rule were borne in mind,
Followed to the very letter
By the masses of mankind ;
Misery then would be much lessened,
Crime would not so much abound ;
In abodes by sorrow darkened
Light and joy would yet be found,
Happy are they who shall ever
Teachings of this rule pursue :
"Do ye ever unto others
As ye would have men do to you,"

AUTUMN DAYS

O, THE golden autumn days,
With their scintillating rays,
With their soft and dreamy haze—
How I love them,
As above them
Fleecy clouds with golden red
Softly sail far overhead,
As I lone, in silence tread
Woodlands, where the falling leaves
A soft, rustling carpet weaves.

'Bove me forest trees are swaying,
In whose branches birds are playing,
As the cascades, rippling, spraying,
Leap into the river far below,
With its bright, incessant flow,
Which goes mur'ring thro' the valley,
As the reeds and grasses dally,
With its waves, each whirling eddy,
As from fields of golden grain
Comes the reaper's glad refrain.

Softly fall the autumn leaves,
From the tall and swaying trees,
As sweet, plaintive melodies
Breathe a music, soft and low,
Music of the Long Ago ;
As the autumn leaves are dying,
Golden, sere and brown a-lying,
As the breezes softly sighing

Whispering of the years that's fled,
Of our blest and sainted dead.

Bright fair fields of golden grain
Waving on each hill and plain,
As I hear the sweet refrain
 Of the golden autumn days
 From glad harps of sweetest praise :
As the autumn of our years
With its radiance appears,
May its joys, with happy tears
 Greet us as we linger here
 With the welcome of good cheer.

FARE - THEE - WELL

FARE-THEE-WELL ! And tho' in sorrow
 Oft' I bow my head in grief,
Hope I for a brighter 'morrow
 To bring us a sweet relief ;
When again we'll fondly tread,
 Paths secluded, strewn with roses,
As God's sun shines overhead,
 Where all Nature e'er discloses
God's great handiwork so true
'Neath His vaulted arch of blue.

Absent from thee, tho' I wander,
 'Gainst life's ills to e'er contend,
I can, Love, in silence ponder

O'er thee as my constant friend ;
In my dreams I will behold thee,
As thy vision fair comes near,
Bending still with fondness o'er me,
Bidding me be of good cheer.
Fare-thee-well ! tho' we may sorrow,
God will speed us a good 'morrow,

Those you trust are oft' deceiving,
And false hearts will cause thee pain,
O'er misfortunes often grieving,
Bound, as 'twere, with fate's iron chain,
Yet be brave, and cease repining,
There is yet sweet joy for all,
For God all your thoughts divining
Casts aside despair's dark pall.
In thy heart let let deceit never
Stain thy soul, now and forever,

When at eve the golden sunset
Tinge the fleecy clouds with gold
In the harbor where we met
Let us be still as of old
In the spirit, tho' asunder
In the body we may be,
Heedless of a great world's thunder,
Or the surges of life's sea.
A fond adieu ! but not forever,
E'en death itself can ne'er us sever,

FARMER JENKINS ON MARRIAGE

“IS MARRIAGE a failure?” this is what Farmer Jenkins read
In the welcome daily papers, as he leisurely rubbed
his head,
For he was sorely puzzled that they published such “tarnal
stuff,”
As he called it, for that question had by him been solved
enough.
Then he rose from out his arm-chair, took his cob pipe off
the shelf,
Filled it, lit it, and, reseated, soliloquized thus to himself :

“’Pears to me these daily papers mighty hard up for the
news,
Thus to publish sich sheer nonsense, and hold sich dismal
views
About marriage as a failure, when its sartin I kin show
That sich views are all tomfoolery, for I speak of what I
know.
Now thar is Mary Ann an’ I, ’tis fifty years since we war
wed,
Aa’ still we act like young ’uns, ’cept foolish things are
left unsaid ;
An’ twelve grown children bless our union ; now I’d like
to know
If marriage is a failure when sich a lot we show ?
All healthy men and women, with children of their own ;
An’ grandchildren call me blessed, as they’d a king upon a
throne,
Upon this farm we’ve spent our days, an’ saw our children

grow

Like weeds in that 'ar corn-field, and joys was ours to know.

"Since fust we war' jined in wedlock, all diffikilties we went
through

As calmly an' serenely as yon young moon in heaven's blue ;
Divorces then were something new, for them we had no
need,

But in this age it's awful, the likes I never seed,
Now, Mary Ann is a good cook, an' not afraid to wash ;
But now-a-days gals seem to shirk all of these 'ar things,
by gosh !

If they we now like her, I'm willing to declar'
Thar'd be no divorce mills a-grindin' aroun' us anywhar' ;
Thar'd be no couples getting loosed, but they'd stick fast
as glue,

An' then, p'raps, they'd be more wise, an' know a thing or
two ;

An' if they'd study human natur' an' look before they leap,
They'd stick like Mary Ann an' I, our marriage vows to keep,

"They thfnk we are old fogies, an' have outlandish views ;
That times are wiser now than then, an' our advice refuse ;
But one thing sartin do I know, if marriage is a failure now,
It's 'cause they do their courtin' wrong, and p'raps they
don't know how ;

Some gals now play the pianer, an' don't know how to cook,
An' half their time they're sitting reading some tarnal,
trashy book ;

Now, if they'd larn to wash and cook, an' also how to sew,
They'd soon a loyal husband find in some admiring beau ;

But if too wise to heed advice, the young men counted in,
If marriage is a failure then, theirs is a beastly sin,
By long experience do we know, both Mary Ann an' I,
That marriage is no failure, an' we stick till we die."

Then Farmer Jenkins upward rose from his arm-chair with
ease,

Tho' three-score years and ten had passed, while the soft,
sighing breeze

Fanned his silvery locks of wavy hair back from a cheer-
ful face,

That beamed with a fond tenderness beside the old fire-
place,

And laid the cob pipe on the shelf, as his wife said, with
a smile:

"Why, John, you seem in a brown study, and musing all
this while."

" 'Tis nothing, Mary Ann," said he, "but something I have
read

'Bout marriage as a failure; for they don't know how to
wed;

Or else like you and an' I they'd to their vows be true,
As we for fifty years have been, 'neath God's own vault
of blue."

And o'er the aged couple shone the fireside's cheerful blaze,
In the joy of their declining years—the golden autumn of
their days.

LOOKING FOR A SIGN

OH! HOW many people daily, in the "ups" and "downs" of life
Seek employment in the city, in the great contestant strife;
Looking for the signs and doorways, wanting help now, here
and there,

Gazing in the daily papers with sad hearts of despair,
That, perchance, within their columns, they would find their
soul's desire—

Honest toil, at living wages, as still flamed ambition's fire.
If you then are happy, prosperous, in the worldly lot of thine,
Kindly think of sad souls suffering, ever looking for a sign,

Some know not what 'tis to suffer by misfortune's cruel blow,
Feel for others, as they would do, did they like experience
know;

Who have all that heart could wish for, on their souls no
no anxious dread

For the 'morrow, while in sorrow homeless ones our streets
doth tread,

Still in quest of honest labor, that success might yet attend
Their persevering, patient efforts, yet to find a loyal friend
'Mongst the great and moving masses, follower of the Christ
divine,

Who would bless the sad souls roaming, ever looking for a
sign.

Ye, who in God's sacred temple gather there in earnest prayer,
Praise Him who once trod the by-ways of a world of grief
and care;

He who in earth's vale of sorrow knew not where to lay His

head,

All alone in His heartfelt sorrow did the reeking wine-press
tread—

Think ye well in life's vocations, that the noble Christian's
creed,

Rightly followed, is to bless all, help a fallen one in need.

'Tis not all to ever worship at God's great and holy shrine,
For the rest is love's sweet labor—bless those looking for a
sign.

Ye who hoard up princely treasures, seek a proud world's
mighty fame,

If ye e'er would prove a blessing, win an honor'd lasting name,

As in halls of gilded splendor you appear in God-like mein,

Like a star in yonder heavens, by a great world to be seen—

Let your deeds be acts of kindness to sad hearts who toil for
bread,

Find employment for the thousands who in want our great
streets-tread ;

Then, like gods, ye all shall ever be as Him who is divine,

When ye bless the sad and weary, ever looking for a sign.

WHEN FRIENDS FORSAKE

LET friends prove false, thou still wilt be
 True as the stars of God to me ;
 Let false hearts flee, let knaves betray ,
 Thou'rt the same as yesterday ;
 Tho' dark misfortune's shadow throw
 A gloom o'er all our hopes below.

Oh, Love! with all thy virtues rare,
 Thy heart is ever with me there ;
 E'er kind and brave, and patient still,
 A balm to every vexing ill,
 A jewel set on earth below,
 A lasting luster to bestow.

Let false hearts flee. unworthy they
 Of honor, trust, in life's great fray,
 Vile cowards of the deepest dye,
 When danger comes, are never nigh ;
 But thou, with all thy magic charms,
 A victor prove, the foe disarms.

Tho' darknesss hovers o'er my soul,
 Thou, as a light, doth still control ;
 Thy eyes like stars upon me beam
 Where'er I rove, where'er I dream ;
 Fair spirit, with your light divine,
 My fondest hopes are ever thine,

Let friends forsake, their trust betray,
 Like chaff to pass and flee away ;

In grim adversity's trying hour,
Thou, like a sweet and tender flower,
Will cling to me, and on earth's sod,
Worship together the one true God.

I DREAM OF THEE

OF thee I dream, when all around
Is hushed in tranquil, sweet repose,
When stars a mighty world hath crown'd,
And Luna thro' my lattice throws
Her quivering rays of silvery light
Across the couch whereon I lie;
I dream, my Love, of thee, to-night,
When in the spirit thou'rt nigh.

Tho' absent from thee I may roam,
To battle in life's ceaseless strife,
Still dear to me the scenes of home,
And thou still dearer far than life.
In dreams thy vision still I see,
Bend o'er me with a tender love,
My soul to wander with thee, free,
In paths that lead to God above,

Once more we stroll thro' woodlands fair
With blooming flowers on ev'ry side,
As 'mongst the leafy branches there
Bright birds carol till eventide,
Once more thy hand is clasp'd in mine,
With a sweet, fond and loving trust.
Ah! where I roam I still am thine.
For thou art noble, good and just.

THE FADED LETTER

'Tis a precious, faded letter
Bearing well the marks of age ;
Ah ! in sunny youth I met her,
Whose handwriting on each page
Still breathes a sweet inspiration,
Bearing the stamp of holy love :
Next to God, with adoration,
Waft I to His throne above
That fond name, and breathe in prayer
Holy thoughts for her so fair.

In the "Long Ago" I met her,
With bright roses in her hair—
Author of this faded letter,
With sweet virtues, pure and rare ;
When at eve we roved together,
As the sun tinged with its gold,
Fleecy clouds in balmy weather
In those happy days of old ;
And I keep it as a token,
That our vows shall ne'er be broken.

'Twixt its leaves are faded roses
Once kissed by her golden hair ;
In their leaves still e'er reposes
Love's sweet message to me there :
Can you wonder that I treasure
Such a faded letter still ;
Ah ! we've pain amid our pleasure,
For God took her—'twas His will.

THOU STILL ART NEAR

THOU still art near where'er I go,
Thy image with its light to glow
Within my soul, as soft and low
Thy voice with sweet, pathetic flow
Lulls my soul to oft' repose
From all life's sorrows and its woes ;
When stilly eve its shadows throws,
And the Night Queen reigns o'er all below,

Thy vision fair will greet me still,
My rapturous heart to ever fill
With holy love, as softly gleam
Thine eyes upon me in my dream,
Come weal or woe, thou art the same,
And naught can put thy soul to shame.
As like bright stars thy eyes e'er shine
Upon me with their rays divine.

And I could die, and rest content
Within thine arms, and ne'er lament
The hour when death should set me free,
If dying, I could gaze on thee,
And let thy sweet breath fan my cheek,
Gaze in thine eyes, and hear thee speak ;
To hear thee whisper : "Soon I'll be
Forever, Love, ah ! still with thee."

THE INCREASE OF CRIME

CAN any one wonder at the increase of crime,

When the toilers for bread 'long the pathway of time
Are spurned with contempt by the cold-hearted man
Who boasts of his riches, his millions to scan
With proud, gloating eye, and turns from his door
Some poor, starving wretch, tho' honest and poor,
Without e'en a small crust, or a kind word of love:
Ne'er follow the teachings of our Master above?

Can you wonder that in this free land of ours,
Where Nature clothes all with her garlands of flowers,
Where the churches of God with spires grandly rise,
Pointing the soul to its maker—the Great Sacrifice—
That grim Poverty here dwells, with Want and with Woe,
To curse the pure souls with their death-dealing blow,
When cold, selfish souls, in wealth and in ease,
Suffer the weak or the helpless to starve or to freeze?

Oh! how much crime could be averted if, true to God's cause
We'd show our humanity in upholding the laws!
How a kind act, or a word, if accorded in time
To some desperate soul, would prevent a dark crime!
Yet little we think, or care, of what may betide,
So our own boat o'er the dark waters in safety may ride.
Let selfishness not rule us, but with open hand
Rescue the down-trodden in Freedom's fair land.

Oh! then, know thy mission—to rescue—and brave
The dangers that rise, tho' the coward and knave
May slink like the hound when cowed by the foe,

And scatter sweet smiles wherever you go,
Treat e'er as a brother souls that are cast down,
That thy star may grow brighter, and immortals will crown
Thy soul with fadeless wreaths from God's land sublime,
Ah ! then will soon cease the increase of crime.

HOW SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED

How sweet to be remembered
By loved ones, fond and true,
To know you're not forgotten
When other scenes you view.
Tho' absent from the fireside,
Tho' roaming far and wide,
Fond hearts for thee are beating
As o'er life's sea you glide,

Oh, gay and thoughtless rover,
Oh, soul bow'd down with woe,
Of thee loved ones are thinking
In the soft, twilight's glow ;
As o'er the landscape gathers
The sombre shades of night,
Their visions near thee linger
In this hour of sweet delight.

By loved ones ne'er forgotten,
Go, prove yourself a man,
And meet misfortunes bravely,
Tho' they should prove a ban.

Faint hearts will never conquer,
Brave souls will gain the day ;
Dear ones are softly praying
For those that are away.

B E B R A V E

BE ye brave In life's great battle,
In the vast arena there,
Tho' death's hail may 'round thee rattle,
Victory crowns the brave and fair ;
Onward ! 'gainst the foe contending,
Prove a hero in the fray,
Truth and right fore'er defending,
Let thy sword e'er cleave a way.

What tho' odds may be against thee,
Still be firm, undaunted stand,
In this great land of the free,
Let sweet Freedom's voice command ;
As her flag above thee waving,
Breathes of heroes tried and true,
Who grim death e'er dauntless braving,
Did the fleeing foe pursue,

Let all knaves and traitors vanish
Like the mist before the sun,
Ever from our presence banish
Those who do their duty shun ;
For this is a land of heroes,
And as such shall ever be ;

Not a place for bloody Neros,
But for men of chivalry.

Then be brave, fore'er defending
Freedom's just and noble cause;
E'er the helping hand extending
To the fallen ere you pause—
For if you'd in life's great mission
Prove a victor in the fray,
Such you'll be—a blest fruition
To the hero of to-day,

THE QUEEN OF LOVE

MAIDEN smiling, bright and fair,
With your rippling, golden hair,
Starry eyes of liquid blue,
Beaming with a light so true—
How your merry laughter rings,
As its notes on airy wings
Echo softly o'er the vale,
Queen of love, sweet nightingale!

Soft your sweet voice ever chimes
Love's own true, melodious rhymes,
Breathing of a love so pure,
That forever will endure;
On thy fair and classic brow
Light divine is gleaming now,
Shining on thee from above,
On our happy Queen of Love.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR

OFF' I hear familiar footsteps
On the sounding, echoing stair,
With their batter and their clatter,
Through the roomy corridor,
As the voices of the children
Rose in mirth and childish glee,
With their chime of merry music
Wafted upward, full and free.

And I listen to the laughter
Of the children in their play,
Echoing thro' each lofty rafter,
In youth's bright and sunny day ;
And I think of my own childhood,
How like them my heart beat glad,
And my voice rang out such music
When a gay and blithesome lad.

And these footsteps ever ringing
With their patter on the stair,
Breathes of souls whose hearts are singing
Like the birds that cleave the air ;
Full and joyful, up ascending
Chime sweet voices in their glee,
As bright skies above are bending
O'er those happy hearts and me.

Footsteps on the stair returning
From the toil of busy day,

Of loved ones, whose hearts are burning
With love's bright and hallow'd ray ;
When at eve the sun is sinking
In the ruddy, golden west,
Ah ! how sweet to hear the footsteps
Of the souls that we love best.

Down the aisles of Time a-ringing
Echo footsteps on the stair,
As bright visions pass'd me winging,
Greet me in the silence there ;
Fairy footsteps, softly falling,
Spirit faces, sweet and fair,
Voices to me sweetly calling—
Footsteps on the heavenly stair !

THE RISE OF GENIUS

THE rise of Genius will not "down,"
Tho' a cold world upon it frown :
Born yet of God, it still will rise
Tho' in a lowly bed it lies,
And like the eagle, proud and free,
Exult in grandeur o'er land and sea :
No hand can its proud spirit tame,
That soars aloft on tongues of flame,
Nor envious minds bar e'er its way,
That seeks its onward flight to stay.

No "clique" or "ring" can hold it back,

As it soars 'long Heaven's starry track ;
Like Truth, it e'er is bound to win,
O'er foes without, and foes within,
And snap asunder the slavish chain
That binds it to the earth again.
Tho' humble be the poet's lot,
By God and angels he's not forgot ;
Like Chatterton's soul, he yet will rise
To hail sweet Heaven's golden skies.

From high-flung Atlantic's crested wave,
To where Pacific quiet waters lave
The grand old harbor of Golden Gate,
O'er mountains vast, and prairies great,
The song of the rustic swain will rise,
Echoing with the woodland's melodies
Of warbling songsters from leafy trees,
Still softly echoing on the breeze,
As the song of the soul from cottage there,
Is caught by the angels in the air.

Ah! yes, true Genius yet will rise,
Born e'er of God, child of the skies.
From hovel or palace it will soar,
With music 'bove the breaker's roar,
O'er life's great ocean breathe sweet peace
To hearts in sorrow, who seek release,
And from each shady and quiet dell
Breathe songs of love we love so well,
Then scorn not those of lowly birth,
For in the past they've ruled the earth.

ONLY A PRIVATE SOLDIER

The following poem relates a military event which occurred at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, during the month of January, 1898, by the brutal treatment of a private soldier by a conceited and egotistical Captain.

“ONLY a private soldier! Drag him by the heels
Over the stones, break his bones,
Let me see, then, how he feels;
Captain am I, to command,
He my orders disobeyed,
For his trial refused to stand,
I've a notion to have him flayed,

“Four of you men quickly go,
With a rope securely bind
This subordinate. I'll have him know
That in me no love he'll find.
What! And shall this petty knave
Dare to brave me? To refuse
To obey orders that I gave,
My authority to abuse?”

Thus spake the irate Captain to his men,
And followed after them apace
To bind an American citizen
And brand him with a foul disgrace.
They tie a rope about his heels,
Around his ankles, firm and strong;
They drag him, the sharp stones he feels
As o'er them he is dragged along.

Beneath his head his arms are thrown
To shield it from the stones below ;
Without a murmur or a moan,
As thus his captors onward go.
The Captain follows on behind
And prods with sword with fiendish glee
His hapless victim—an act so kind,
Sweet essence of martial chivalry!

And why, forsooth, was this soldier here
Dragged like a dog o'er the stones along ?
To revenge the wounded pride of a character
Who sought to make right out of a wrong.
And this, in a Christian land of ours,
Where Freedom's starry flag on high
Waves o'er God's fair and fragrant flowers,
For which our soldiers fought, to die,

Only a private soldier ! Yet where to-day
O, citizen, would be our Union grand
If not for him, who in the fray
As heroes there did nobly stand
Against a brave and dauntless foe,
Snatch victory from its defiant grasp,
And laid the dastard traitor low ?
Such hands sweet Freedom loves to clasp,

HOE YOUR OWN ROW

HOE, my boy, hoe your own row.

Even then this great truth know ;
If on others you depend
You'll be loser in the end,
If it is your noble aim
To carve out an honor'd name,
On fame's pinnacle to glow—
Hoe, my boy, hoe your own row.

Genius, like the diamond rare,
In the mind embedded there,
Tho' obscure when brought to light,
Polished like the diamond bright,
Glitters with a a brilliant gleam—
Bright star of the poet's dream ;
And as such for thee 'twill glow—
Hoe, my boy, hoe your own row.

Tho' a world scorn and deride,
Let pure conscience be your guide ;
You will find that in the end
It has proved the truest friend.
On life's journey you will find
False and true amongst mankind ;
But, my boy, where'er you go.
E'er be true—hoe your own row.

Genius will, with scorn, disdain
Those who would with fetters chain

It beneath oppression's rule,
 Be he knave or taunting fool.
 Born of God, it e'er will rise,
 Like the bright sun in the skies,
 Then be brave where'er you go—
 Hoe, my boy, hoe your own row.

IN SOLITUDE

THERE is a time when the weary soul
 Seeks Solitude's sweet, shady bowers
 From life's turmoil, as peace control
 The passing of those happy hours ;
 In the dim forest, or woodland glen
 To sit and muse, as to and fro
 Sway the rustling branches, now and then
 Hear tinkling bells sound faint and low
 Of roving kine in pastures green,
 Where nature's loveliest tints are seen.

How sweet the breath of the forest flowers,
 As the sighing breeze now fans the cheek,
 Wafting sweet fragrance from nature's bowers,
 Kissing the pale lips of the weak :
 And pallid cheeks glow with a rosy hue,
 And dim eyes sparkle with rays of joy ;

The strength and hopes of hearts renew,
 As warbling birds their songs employ
 To soothe the soul in love's retreat,
 Their plaintive melodies to repeat.

The rippling brook sings the same sweet song
 As it did in days of long ago,
 As it glides o'er its pebbly bed along,
 With its ever soft and murm'ring flow,
 And the mournful notes of the lonely dove,
 Echoes o'er woodland and mossy dell,
 For its missing mate without its love,
 As Solitude weaves its magic spell;
 And the huntsman's horn is heard from afar,
 And the faint bay of hounds 'neath the evening star,

Oh, Solitude! Here, within thine own domain,
 The soul with holy thoughts can rest;
 Breathe forth love's pure and sweet refrain,
 With happy visions e'er be blest;
 As musing o'er the past, arise
 Sweet love-lit faces of days of yore,
 Again to vanish, with farewell sighs—
 Blest, sainted ones, gone on before.
 Ah! sweet thy retreat to the weary soul
 Where spirits unseen hold sweet control.

STAND BY YOUR FLAG

GO! STAND by your flag, sweet Freedom defending,
Ye sons of the brave, by your country e'er blest.
As songs of the true are upward ascending

O'er the tombs and the ashes of heroes at rest :
Green and peaceful the valleys that nestle so lowly
'Tween mountains so grand of our sweet native land,
And sacred the homes where love, pure and holy,
Reign o'er fond hearts, united to stand.

Oh! blest land of our fathers! ne'er shall proud oppression
Rule the land of the free, for equal are all :
Each soul in free speech, can give honest expression.

In defending the laws—the great and the small!
Then stand by the flag! the hero's fond token!
Blood-bought by the brave—sweet emblem so dear :
Our vows have been made, and ne'er shall be broken,
To protect and defend it, when the foe hovers near.

From ocean to ocean its folds proudly floating
Shall wave o'er the homes of the loyal and free ;
O'er the rich and the poor, who, their lives devoting,
To Freedom's sweet cause, are devoted to thee,
O, fairest Columbia! in your glory and beauty ;
For your sons in their might, will quell the proud foe,
Ever true to thy cause, and firm in their duty,
And the diadem on thy brow the brighter will glow,

In peace or in war, we e'er as a nation
The dignity and grandeur of our Union uphold,

And Freedom's proud flag, with fond adoration,
Brave souls will protect, with hearts ever bold.
Wave on! thou blest emblem, o'er mountain and valley,
O'er the patriot's home, o'er the wide, surging sea;
True hearts 'neath thy folds will joyfully rally
For honor and home, for God and for thee!

APPLE-CUTTING PARTIES

OH, those apple-cutting parties,
In the days when we were young,
When as rustic lads and lasses
We unto each other each other clung;
As we toward the farm-house wended,
Where the party was to be,
As our joyous songs ascended
With their notes of melody.

There were baskets of rosy apples
On the floor so neat and clean,
For the farmer's comely housewife
Was of tidy and graceful mein;
In the fire-place loudly crackled
Then a cheerful, glowing fire,
As the merry party gathered,
Greeted by the jovial sire,

Beaus and sweethearts then together,
Trays of apples by their side,
Little thought of wind or weather,
As their fingers nimbly glide.

With bright knives the fruit a-pairing,
Cutting in quarters the apples red,
By sly glances their love declaring—
Wonder what the lovers said ?

Soon the evening work was over,
Jim brought out his fiddle then ;
"Oh !" exclaimed sweet Kitty Glover,
" 'Tis thus always with the men
For a dance—come let's begin it !"
Pulling her lover by the sleeve ;
"I am ready, just this minute,
Waltz with me, dear Simon Reeve."

Floor is cleared, and partners forming,
Jim commences a lively tune,
And the dance begins a-calling,
And the dancers are whirling soon,
'Round and 'round, as the firelight dances
O'er the happy faces then,
As sweethearts, with roguish glances,
Smiles and bows unto the men.

Soon the merry dance is over,
And the couples homeward hie,
Arm in arm, each ardent lover,
Sally forth 'neath a moon-lit sky.
Oh ! those apple-cutting parties,
In the days when we were young ;
We can ne'er forget them, never,
Tho' their joys remain unsung.

POVERTY'S LANE

OH, Poverty's Lane! 'tis a long one, you know,
And thistles and briars along it will grow,
And toiling on o'er its rough, beaten way
Are sad, weary hearts, young, aged, and gray,
Whose souls are cast down with sorrow and woe,
For Poverty's Lane is a hard one, you know,
And the wolf of grim Want e'er skulks by the way
To rend the unfortunate who falls as its prey.

Christ Jesus, our Saviour, trod Poverty's Lane,
From the time shepherds saw Him on Judea's plain;
As in Poverty's cottage in plain Galilee
Dwelt the God of us all, its suffering to see;
Mocked by wise men of the great far-famed East,
Who sat as great iords o'er each princely feast,
He put them to shame by acts great and grand,
As God o'er them all, unequaled to stand.

Aye! Poverty's Lane is a long one, you know,
And therein dwell grim Want, and Sorrow and Woe;
Yet fond souls pass down it with sweet words of cheer,
Saying, "With God on our side we have nothing to fear,
For He who feed the sparrows will watch o'er us all,
Provide for our wants.—Heaven's manna will fall."
And let not the proud view them with haughty disdain,
For God's chosen ones dwell in Poverty's Lane.

WHEN THE LEAVES ARE FALLING

WHEN the leaves are falling
In the golden Autumn days.
And the sweet voices calling
Thro' the woodland ways,
And the breeze is sighing
Thro' the forest trees,
As the day is dying,
Fraught with melodies—
Then my soul with pure love free,
Ever still will think of thee.

When the leaves are falling,
In a lowly bed to lie,
Free from fetters galliug,
Rest sweet Physche and I.
Luna softly beaming
From her starry throne,
Musing there and dreaming
Of the great unknown—
The my thoughts with holy love
Breathes of thee and God above.

Softly the leaves are falling
As I think of thee;
Voices sweetly calling,
With their melody;
As the bells are chiming
O'er each mossy dell,
With their merry rhyming

That I love so well.
Then thy vision, sweet and fair,
Breathes to me of God in prayer,

COME WITH ME

COME with me among the roses,
Where my soul with love reposes,
Where fair Nature e'er discloses
Beauties to the sparkling eye,
Here in Nature's garden dreaming,
Balmy air, with fragrance teeming,
I can see thy fair form gleaming
With divine light from on high.

Come with me when the day is dying,
When the evening zephyr sighing,
To sweet chiming bells replying,
Breathe e'er of a holy love.
Fringed with gold above us riding,
Fleecy clouds are softly gliding,
On their airy wings abiding
Till the stars gleam from above.

Now a holy calm is brooding,
No unwelcome steps intruding,
No false hearts our souls deluding,
As we stand 'neath heaven's dome,
Come, then, in your joy and beauty,
True in all life's paths of duty—
In your queen-like, regal beauty,
Let us breathe of "Home Sweet Home."

THE VISION

IN my chamber lone I'm sitting
As weird shadows 'round me flitting
On the walls glide to and fro ;
As the flickering flames are dancing
In the fireside, glinting, glancing,
Lighting me with their gentle glow ;
As the night breeze, softly sighing,
Thro' the casement, faintly dying,
Rustles the curtains to and fro,
As weird shadows come and go.

Sitting there, and silent musing,
And the precious time abusing,
With each vain and sad repining ;
Wishing life's dark days were over,
Envyng the gay and thoughtless rover,
Waiting for the silver lining
Of the dark storm-cloud to-day,
With its pall to pass away ;
Thinking still, and thus divining
That the sun would soon be shining.

As I sit there, dimly appearing
Rises a form, close to me nearing,
Pale and beautiful to me there ;
Spirit from the land enchanted,
Yet why should I thus be haunted
By a woman divinely fair ?
Golden hair from her forehead gleaming,
O'er her shoulders rippling, streaming.

Robed in white a-standing there,
And a voice rose on the air :

"Son of earth, why this repining ?
Canst thou see the silver lining ?"
Spoke the vision, sweet and low ;
"Be ye up, by faith e'er winning,
Let thy soul yet cease its sinning,
That thy soul with joy may glow,
Triumph yet o'er every foe."

"Fair one from the land Elysian,"
Spoke I to the white-robed vision,
"Comforter to us mortals here,
To this lowly place descending,
Humble mortals e'er befriending.
Spirit from the better sphere—
Guide me in the path of duty,
Mav I see life in its beauty,
Ever to me be thou near,
May I e'er my God revere."

Then the vision, close advancing
To my side, as the firelight glancing,
Threw on its fitful glow—
Raised its beautiful hand, extended
O'er my head, as its sweet voice blended
With the night breeze sighing low :
"Son of earth, thy prayer is granted,
From the blessed isles enchanted,
I have come, from the Long Ago,

Now I bless thee e'er I go,"

Quickly then, my hand extending
Toward the vision o'er me bending,
Tried I to grasp her white robe there;
But retreating, then disappearing,
Faded the sweet form, so endearing,
To me still so sweet and fair;
And the embers low are dying
On the hearthstone, as the sighing
Of the night breeze softly there
Breathe of the vision sweet and fair.

THE WORLD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

OH, this world is what you make it,
And, depending how you take it,
You can make it sad or gay,
You can pine your life away,
Or like joyous birds te rise
In life's bright and sunlit skies,
Breathe of a sweet and hallow'd bliss
Found in such a world as this,

Poverty oft' may be your lot,
And your life with trials fraught,
Yet your soul can noble be
Battling with adversity,
Smiling when misfortunes frown,
Cheering the brother that is down,

Bidding him yet by faith to rise,
See the rainbow in the skies,

'Gainst great odds you must contend,
And him whom you thought a friend
Will prove false, and e'er forsake;
Let such go, for they unmake
All the good that oft' is done
'Neath God's bright and shining sun;
Act thy part as becomes a man,
As an actor in life's short span.

Aye! this world is what you make it, man.
To yourself a blessing or a ban;
Let your soul ne'er yet lament
That your life has been misspent;
Let your heart with music ring,
And your soul exultant sing,
That o'er all the ills of life
You're a victor in the strife,

And thou, lady, sweet and fair,
With bright virtues, pure and rare,
Thou canst, too, with winning grace,
Prove a blessing to thy race:
Make this earth a heaven below,
On sad hearts sweet smiles bestow,
Life's true path, oh! ne'er forsake it,
For this world is what you make it.

ON SEPARATION

GO! LEAVE me in my sadness,
And mingle with the gay;
If staying would be madness,
I ask thee not to stay.
With others gayly mingle,
Bid pleasure banish pain,
While yet the life blood tingle
Within each throbbing vein.

Let other hearts caress thee,
And press their lips to thine,
With a fond love to bless thee,
But none more true than mine.
The holy vows once plighted
Before God's altar there,
When first we were united,
Should e'er to both be dear.

Thou needst not share my sorrow,
My poverty and pain,
I would a brighter 'morrow
Would dawn on thee again.
Go, then, on others smiling,
Their hollow friendship claim,
With acts and arts beguiling,
Yet honor still thy name,

The love-lit songs you sung me,
: / er still be dear,

In memory's jeweled casket,
 Blest by affection's tear,
As still, in fancy ringing.
 Their notes rise sweet and free,
To starry heights a-winging
 O'er life's dim, sobbing sea.

Then leave me in my sadness
 And mingle with the throng,
If it will cause thee gladness,
 With music and with song ;
And when life's sun is setting
 And the spark of life is low,
There can be no forgetting
 Of our love in the "long ago."

FOR FREEDOM

FOR Freedom e'er will brave men die,
 For home and country without a sigh ;
Invading foes meet hand to hand,
And for their rights fore'er to stand.
Brave heroes they, who will not quail
Before the leaden and iron hail
That thins the ranks of the gallant few,
For Freedom's cause is just and true.

For Freedom will brave men rise in arms,
Not daunted by grim war's alarms ;
When foes of liberty and prowling knave
Dare the sacred rights of home invade,

Like the brave Spartans e'er of old,
Their independence still uphold ;
God-given e'er their rights will be,
For God is with the brave and free.

Hail ! sons of Freedom, far and near,
Who e'er her sacred cause revere,
For the God of battles e'er will be
On the side of the sons of liberty.
For sordid souls for greed of gain
Will meet defeat on the battle plain,
And Freedom't banner wave on high,
O'er heroes not afraid to die.

NEVER WORRY

NEVER worry, fret or scurry.

'Round and 'round, in nervous haste,
For your fretting, and regretting,
Will but mae your life a waste—
Waste and barren as a desert,
Where oft' shrieks the dread simoon,
Causing sadness to the heart.
Dark'ning life's bright, sunny noon.

Never worry. as you hurry
Onward 'long the path of life ;
'Twill bring sorrow for the morrow
In the great contestant strife.
Life is fleeting as we're meeting
Pilgrims in earth's vale below ;

Then be cheerful, never fearful,
God is with us as we go.

Never worry! Tho' so dreary
Be the path wherein you tread,
Dark and lonely, briars only
Growing 'round and o'erhead;
Do your duty; full of beauty
Shall your path hereafter be,
If thus cheerful, never fearful
Of the dangers that may be,

Never worry! It will hurry
Quicker yet unto the grave
Those who do it, and pursue it,
Like the wild winds madly rave;
Craze the brain, bind like a chain
Souls that would yet happy be,
And will ever, like a river,
Haste thee to eternity,

Never worry! Bright and cherry,
Take the bitter with the sweet,
Like a hero, o'er a Nero,
Smiling on the souls you meet,
And the wrinkles that o'er-sprinkle
Many a sad and careworn face,
Will yet vanish, if you banish
Worry from the human race.

SHE'S NOT WHAT SHE USED TO BE

SHE's not what she used to be,
She's not now the same to me,
As in happy, vanished days
When I used to sing her praise;
Then love held its potent sway
O'er two hearts in the far away,
When her hand was clasp'd in mine,
And she murmur'd, "I am thine!"

Oh! love's happy dream has passed,
For it was too sweet to last;
Making of our heaven a hell:
And grim poverty brought its woe,
Blighting our joys of the Long Ago.
Nay! she's not the same to me,
As my love once used to be.

Then she sang, as the moon shone above,
"O! the Lone Starry Hours give me, Love,"
As we rov'd 'neath starry skies,
And the zephyr, with its sighs,
Kissed her cheek of roseate hue,
'Neath heaven's smiling vault of blue;
But those happy days have fled,
And love's roses now are dead.

She's not what she used to be,
Yet I love her still, you see:
For the many ills of life

In life's great contestant strife.
Vex the soul, e'en to the grave,
Blighting our joys which love once gave;
Tho' she's not what she used to be,
She is still dear unto me.

THE RUSTIC BEAUTY

SHE may wear but a calico dress
Yet she's sweet, and fair,
I could love her none the less,
And she's willing to do and dare;
Roses in her golden hair,
On her cheeks are roses red,
Laughing lips like roses are,
Soft and lithesome is her tread,

O'er the meadow and the glade
Like a lark her sweet voice sings,
'Neath the oak or hawthorne's shade
Like soft, chiming bells it rings.
Rustic tho' her ways may be,
Light beams from a smiling face,
Give her a chance, and you'll see
That she'll fill a woman's place.

Happy maiden! Tho' so lowly,
Plain and simple now
Are thy ways, yet pure and holy

Is thy love and vow ;
City belles may queen and lord it
O'er the hearts of many a man,
But in time thy worth and merit
Will true men admire and scan,

Rustic beauty ! Like a sunbeam
Here you come and go,
Like the fairy of a dream
In youth's healthful glow ;
Tho' no gems adorn your beauty,
And but simple be your dress,
In sweet Nature's path of duty
We will love you none the less.

What is wealth to a true woman
In whom one can confide ?
All her noble virtues scan,
Ever by your side ?
Take your dross, but give me ever
Her who never will forsake,
Tho' earth's wealth she may have never,
Yet she can a heaven make.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

ON the far-famed Mississippi
Rode my love and I,
On a steamer gaily gliding,
As the waves danced merrily;
Thronged with souls she rode the water,
Decked with flags and bunting gay,
Happy were earth's sons and daughters
On that bright and sweet June day.*

Soft, sweet music from the steamer
Wafted on the whisp'ring air,
Floated o'er the grand old river,
O'er her island, here and there :
And from these sweet songs ascended,
Blending with the music's chime,
As along the shores extended
Nature's beauties to all sublime.

Waft us o'er thy tide, ye waters,
Flowing down unto the sea,
As thou didst the Indian daughters,
And their braves long ceased to be ;
Brave De Soto rests beneath you,
Great discoverer of thy charms,
As the scenery still we view.
Rests he still within thy arms.

Fathers of all waters gliding
Down into the mighty deep,

As o'er thee we're gaily riding,
Softly the bright sunbeams leap,
Kissing thy silvery breast a-heaving,
With its great incessant flow,
As my love and I are sittuig,
List'ning to the music as we go.

* June 18, 1905.

THE OLD MILL ON ROCK ISLAND

ON Rock Island, in the Mississippi,
Stands a lone, old-fashion'd mill,
As the surging waters rushing by
Chimes its song with the whippoorwill;
Like a sentinel grim 'tis standing,
O'erlooking the waste of waters wide,
Time-worn, to the eye commanding,
As I stand there by its side.

'Tis decreed here by the government—
No rude hand should e'er molest
This well-known and cherished landmark,
But decaying shall sink to rest;
Time alone shall be its master,
As little by little it falls apart;
Long has it thus stood disaster,
Waiting for its time yet to depart.

Oft' at night thro its bare rafters
Will the owls and night birds play,

As weird, fantastic shadows gather,
And the winds sigh mournfully ;
Ghost-like, in the moonbeams rising,
Stand this mill of days gone by,
Where once there the wheels of commerce
Hummed their songs so merrily.

On this island still is standing
The government arsenal well in view,
Brave Colonel Blunt o'er all commanding
With his trusty "boys in blue ;
Where are forging of cannon and arms of war,
As the sound of hammers play their tune,
But, traveler, when dawns the evening star,
Behold the mill in the light of the moon,

Weird, fantastic, it is commanding,
Ghost-like tho' its form may be,
Jealously guarded by soldiers standing,
'Tis a relic, worth while to see ;
Time alone its frame can shatter,
Nature's law of decay fulfill,
And the storms may beat and batter
Yet in grandeur stands the old mill.

LET THE BEAUTIFUL SLEEP

LET the beautiful sleep! Why o'er them weep?

Thus lying low, as to and fro

The weeping willow bends

And droopingly extends

Its branches there, o'er the dead and fair,

With its sighing song, e'er borne along

By the spirit breeze.

Ah! blest are these!

There on the grassy mound the lily and rose are found.

Budding sweet and fair, o'er the beautiful there,

Clinging with fond embrace

To the last resting place

Of loved ones true, as the glistening dew

Of heaven sparkles low, like pearly tears to glow

O'er the beautiful there;

O'er the pure and fair.

Let the beautiful rest, by fond hearts blest,

Theirs is the gain, no woe nor pain

Ne'ermore will have them grieve,

Or base deceivers weave

A deadly snare; no tempter there

Dare e'er profane this place, made sacred by God's grace;

Sigh weeping willows there,

While angels guard the fair,

SWEET SABBATH DAY

SWEET Sabbath Day, of hallowed rest,
May we for thee our love attest
In heartfelt prayer and songs of praise,
As we to God our voices raise;
Blest day, by God our Father given,
To breathe to us of Him and Heaven.

Now let sweet peace o'er all prevail,
No strife the list'ning ear assail,
As souls as one in concord meet,
The sweet old story to repeat—
How Christ came to this world below,
To save our souls from sin and woe.

Blest, hallowed day! Oh, may we all
Before our God with rev'rence fall,
And praise His name, and crown Him King,
Who did to us salvation bring—
Eternal life to mortals give,
Beyond the grave with Him to live.

Welcome, sweet, sacred day of rest,
By weary, plodding pilgrims blest,
That draws us nearer unto God;
Oh, may we kiss Thy chast'ning rod,
And know, O, God, that Thou art near
To e'er dispel each doubt and fear.

THE SILENT HARP

Oh! the harp is silent lying,
As the golden day is dying,
As the evening zephyr, sighing,
Whisper thro' its chords unstrung,
Breathing a requiem for the departed—
She, who to it life imparted,
Fair and lovely, gentle-hearted
Litta*, singing now among
Angels, in bright fields Elysian
As her blest and bright-robed vision
Breathes to me my heavenly mission
Lisp'd from an immortal tongue.

Oh! for the vanished hand that tuned thee.
Silent harp, as sweet and free
O'er life's dim, resounding sea
Rose her voice of love,
As the starry worlds were gleaming,
And a restless world was dreaming,
With her love-lit eyes a-beaming
Up to God above.
As her voice then softly singing,
Up the starry pathway winging,
Chiming still, and ever ringing,
Sought that Home of Love.

Silent harp! the moon is beaming
Thro' the casement. o'er thee streaming
As I sit there, of her dreaming—
Angel Litta*, far away,

Come, thou bright and heavenly vision,
From the golden fields Elysian,
Ere is closed my earthly mission,

Tune the harp, and play.

Ah ! she comes, in white, so lovely,
Tunes the harp, with pale hands free,
And once more its melody

Seeks the far away.

Is it fancy, or is it real,
As the sound o'er my senses steal,
As her presence now I feel—

Loved one of my soul ?

Hark ! her voice, so sweet and free :

“ Then you'll remember me,”

Rising with the harp's melody,

My being to control,

Up I start from where I'm sitting,

For to clasp her, but moonbeams flitting

Glint only the silent harp, yet not forgetting,

My soul will seek her goal.

*Litta, Marie Eugenie Von Elsner, the celebrated opera singer, of Bloomington, Illinois.

RELICS OF THE DEPARTED

LOVED and cherished are the relics
Of our loved ones gone before,
Garments that are old and faded.
That we ever keep in store;
Trinkets worn by father, mother,
Or by little baby, too,
Or by sister, or by brother,
Ever sacred to our view,
As our lips, in fondest prayer,
Breathe the names of those most dear.

There a tress of golden hair,
Here a cherub's tiny shoe,
Of sister, and of babe so fair,
For them our love is ever true :
A faded flower she loved so well
With its pressed leaves I see,
'Twixt the Bible's leaves to tell
Of her so dear to our memory :
Departed ones ! forever dear,
Thou still to us art ever near,

A faded letter from a loved one there,
With words of tender love,
Is guarded with a jealous care,
She who now lives with God above :
Time on may glide, and we grow old,
Yet, still their visions we shall see,
With outstretched arms seek to enfold

Their forms again in ecstasy ;
And as we kneel to God in prayer
Know that above we shall meet them there.

SWEET VALE OF EAU CLAIRE

THERE'S a sweet, peaceful valley in the far, golden west,
'Tween mountains majestic and grand,
Where flows a fair river in that haven of rest,
And Nature enthroned has command.
On its banks bloom sweet flowers that nod to and fro,
And the kine in green pastures with tinkling bells stray,
And ivy-vine cottages nestle low in the glow
Of the suns golden rays of the fast-fading day.
'Tis the vale of Eau Claire, so lovely and fair—
Retreat for the weary ; O ! peaceful Eau Claire !

Ah ! dear is this vale, and I ne'er shall forget
The peaceful retreat—this spot e'er so fair,
Where in the ivy-vine cottage there loved ones as yet
Repose in the vale of lovely Eau Claire.
Here swaying trees bend to the kiss of the breeze,
And the music of birds from their branches arise,
As the soft air resound with their melodies,
Till the bright stars bedeck the fair azure skies,
Sweet vale of Eau Claire ! from sorrow and care
Let me rest in thy bosom with all that is dear.

From the city's loud din, its turmoil and strife,
The weary soul flies to thy border to rest,
And breathes there with joy the sweet essence of life,
And with such a balm the sad heart is blest.
The distant blue mountains, with high peaks of snow,
Tower upward as bulwarks to this valley so fair,
And of all the fair places on earth here below
There's none that excels the vale of Eau Claire.
Sweet vale of Eau Claire, e'er lovely and fair,
I ne'er shall forget thee: oh, charming Eau Claire!

H E A V E N

THERE is a sweet, eternal clime
Beyond the dark'ning shores of time,
Where loved ones wait to welcome me
Beside the flowing, crystal sea;
To clasp glad hands on that bright shore,
Where parting will be nevermore;
How sweet the thought, forever there,
In that blest Eden-land so fair!

Fain would my soul on pinions fly
To that immortal home on high,
From this cold world's vain, fleeting show,
Those dear departed ones to know,
Where heavenly music's sweet refrain
Is wafted o'er the Elysian plain.
As clothed in robes of spotless white
Loved ones are waiting. Oh, sweet delight!

Oh, beautiful land! Home of the soul!
 Where dwells He who my acts control;
 Thy visions fair by faith I see,
 O'er life's dim, vast, tempestuous sea;
 My soul fears neither storm nor gale,
 With God I shall o'er all prevail;
 Why then need I to have a fear,
 With God and loved ones ever near?

Sweet beckoning hands, for me below
 You gently wave them to and fro,
 From out that bright, celestial clime;
 As I hear the soft melodious chime
 Of low, sweet music from above,
 The whisp'ring voices of those I love,
 Watching and waiting to welcome me
 To the land of blest immortality.

BE WITH ME IN MY LONELY HOURS

OH, spirits bright! My soul's delight!
 Be with me in my lonely hours;
 False are those we love—come from above,
 From thy sweet Eden's heavenly bowers,
 And gather 'round me, with fond hands free,
 Waft me the perfume of immortal flowers.

Sweet visions bright, with me to-night,
 Chase from my soul gloom and despair;
 Tho' false below those we love so,
 Be e'er to me still sweet and fair,
 Thou still art true as we pursue
 Our pilgrim way to the Better Land.

ALABAMA JOE—AND THE DARKIES' DANCE

ALABAMA JOE! yah, dat's my name,
I'se from the State of Alabama came,
In de sunny land of cotton,
Bressed land that e'er de sun shone on ;
When Marser Linkum come to set us free,
And General Sherman marched unto de sea.
So youse darkies in dis cabin here,
Knows who I is, dat now is clar.
I'se and my banjo, we goes together,
In all kinds of fair and stormy weather.

So, den, I'se to be de leader of dis dance,
An' I want it to beat eny hosse's prance.
An' now youse darkies clar de floor,
An' you, picka^r.innies, stop sniggering at dat door ;
Now I'se with my banjo, thrum, thrum, thrum,
An' when you darkies hear it hum, hum, hum,
Choose den your pardners an' fall in line,
An' follow de commands of mine.
An' you, Sambo, and Jemima, lead de grand march,
For dis dance will take out you some of dat starch.

So now it begins, don't snigger or snuffle,
But get along dar wid dat double shuffle.
All hands aroun'. and now promenade ;
Golly! but that beats eny dress parade ;
Keep tme wid by banjo, an' circle to de left,
But, dar, don't get wild, with your senses bereft.
Make dis cabin ring wid your flying feet,

Advance toward each other and perlitely retreat ;
Well, dis beats all, well dis is so,
Or my name is not old Alabama Joe

Now de dance is over, but e'er we do part,
You darkies sing some songs now dear to de heart ;
Sing, "Way down on the Swanee Riber," by the sea,
An' "The Old Home Ain't What It Used to Be."
An' "My Old Kentucky Home," tho' I nebber was dar,
But the old songs are good anywhar ;
Yah, that is well done, I knew you could sing,
For you know you are used to dat sort of a ting ;
But as the days speed by and years come and go,
Remember me still as old Alabama Joe.

THE TRUE WOMAN

SHE is a jewel, rich and rare,
Whether she be homely or so fair,
And he who wins her has a gem
Worth more than the costliest diadem ;
For come what may, come weal or woe,
Joy or adversity to know,
She is the same, with heart e'er pure,
Life's trials e'er bravely endure,
And cheers the man she calls her own,
Her love, by acts, to e'er make known.

FOND HEARTS ARE BREAKING

FOND hearts are breaking for some one to love,

Alone, and in silence, 'neath the bright stars above;
Bright eyes, dim with weeping, with sad, aching heart,
Sigh for some one to love, who will never depart;
For a true lasting love that will never grow old,
For a soul that is true, unswerving and bold;
Fond hearts are breaking for some one to-night,
For a lover that's absent—the fond soul's delight.

Fond hearts are breaking for some one to love,

As they kneel there in silence to the great God above,
For some one to cheer them on life's weary way,
To be a protector, a guide, and a stay;
For the clasp of the hand, a lingering caress,
A fond, loving soul, that ever will bless;
A companion through life that will never depart,
But make heaven below for the sorrowing heart.

Fond hearts are breaking for some one to love,

As alone they are roving, watched by angels above;
On a strong arm to lean, be a lover alway,
To guide their lone footsteps o'er life's thorny way;
For a love that will bless, a heart that will feel,
A devotion that's true, and one that is real.
For how sweet is the love of true ones below,
'Tis a heaven to them in this sad world of woe.

S O M E D A Y

SOME day, perchance, when far away
I absent roam, you then will say—
"He loved me well!" too late to tell
His yearning heart that you could love,
As lone you sit, and the stars above
Tell with their rays of other days
When he clasped your hand and with a sigh
Saw his brightest hopes in ashes lie.

Some day, too late, you then will sigh,
When Love's brightest hopes in ashes lie—
"I loved him well, but dare not tell,"
And as the years like phantoms glide
Wish that he were yet by your side
To bless and cheer, with love so dear,
Thou who wast dearer than life to him.
As he roams alone thro' life's woodlands dim.

Some day, perchance, when the soul has fled
To the Great Unknown' and you softly tread
By the hallow'd mound, 'neath which is found
His ashes encased in their last repose,
You'll kneel in prayer, and think of those
Happy days of yore, forever o'er,
And as thy tears kiss the flowers above
Feel, alas! too late, you did truly love.

CHRISTMAS POEMS

CHRISTMAS

HAIL, gladsome day ! with festal lay
Thy advent now we celebrate,
When from afar sweet Bethlehem's star
Did blest Judea's heart elate,
As light divine did softly shine
O'er where the Saviour infant lay,
In manger low, meekness to know,
The great and just Redeemer lay,
While shepherds knelt, and sweetly felt
An inward sense of holy awe,
As there each soul, on Heaven's scroll,
Beheld and read God's holy law.

'Round festal board, with one accord,
Come happy faces, bright and fair,
Greet with good cheer the Christmas here—
Let not be left a vacant chair,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Greeting each with a holy love,
In concord meet in home's retreat,
As angels chant their songs above.

Let anthems rise unto the skies,
 Resounding forth a sweet refrain,
As still afar the heavenly star
 Glimmers o'er fair Judea's plain,

Yet there may be far out at sea,
 On life's dark ocean tempest-tost,
Loved ones so dear who cannot hear
 The Christmas chimes—to them they're lost,
Each vacant chair may cause the tear
 Unbidden oft' for them to flow;
But God is near those lov'd ones dear,
 And light divine for them will glow.
Then dry the tear, why need we fear,
 When He who calmed the troubled sea
Will from above guard those we love
 Who absent from us still may be?

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

HAIL! Christmas day; with joyful lay
Thy advent now we now we celebrate;
Sweet Christmas morn, when Christ was born,
Our soul with joy to e'er elate.
In manger low, 'neath the star's bright glow,
The infant Jesus sweetly lay,
As angels above chanted songs of love,
And kneeling shepherds blest that day.

Oh, wondrous love! that from above
Came the Son of God to lowly lie;
Came a world to save, His blest life gave,
For a sinful world to bleed and die.
O, Saviour, King! to Thee we bring
Our lives, our all, forevermore!
With hearts of love waft Thy name above,
And ever Thy great name adore.

Hail! Bethlehem's star, seen from afar
By Wise Men who to Jesus came,
With gifts of love, as from above
Angels sang hosannas to His name.
Then let us now to Jesus bow,
Who died that we might live,
And praise His name, who bore our shame,
His precious life to give.

Sweet Christmas morn, when Christ was born,
We greet thee in our Saviour's name,

As loved ones meet, with joy to greet
 The day the infant Jesus came
 To a world of woe, that we might know
 Redemption through His precious blood,
 On the Cross to die, ascend on high,
 Our great and never-changing God.

Blest be the day! as low we pray,
 With rev'rence to our Jesus now;
 As songs ascend to our great Friend,
 Let all the nations bow,
 And hail Him King, who life did bring
 Eternal to us mortals here,
 As from Heaven above ring anthems of love,
 Our grateful hearts to cheer.

OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS DINNER

AN old-fashioned Christmas dinner is good enough for me,
 A well-spread table, your worth while to see;
 Carved turkey with dressing, cranberry sauce with it, too,
 Pumpkin pies, mince pies, and plum-pudding, will do;
 Delightful yeast biscuit with creamy butter well spread,
 Baked Irish and sweet potatoes, ah! both here, I see,
 And the dear old thickened gravy, just good enough for me;
 And for drink: tea and coffee, milk and cider, so fine.
 Ah! this is a feast that makes the heart glad,
 'Tis in the country you'll find it—only there to be had.
 And jovial the diners as the dishes pass 'round,
 As mirth and laughter o'er the table resound.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

MERRY, jingling Christmas chimes,
With your music or many climes,
With your sweet, melodious rhymes
On the air, wafted there—
Greet the absent ones away,
Hail loved ones with us to-day,
Or if some, perchance, may stray
Far from home, onward roam,
Greet them in their silence there
With a mother's holy prayer,

Send ye forth a joyous peal,
As fond loving hearts doth feel
Holy love still o'er them steal,
O'er each soul, all control
With an influence that's divine,
As sweet, sparkling eyes now shine
On home scenes—our earthly shrine
Here below, as the flow
Of the fountain of sweet song
With your chimes its notes prolong,

Let your chimes forever ring
Of the Christ forever King;
Of His mercies ever sing
Far and near, e'er revere
That sweet name, which like a charm
All our fears and griefs disarm,
He who shields and keeps from harm

Those we love; from above
Let God's benediction fall,
Resting ever on us all.

Chime the story still of old,
In bright notes of finest gold,
How the shepherds did behold
Lying low, 'neath the glow
Of bright Bethlehem's golden star
The fair babe, as from afar,
From Heaven's golden gates ajar
Light divine forth did shine
From God's great pavilion there
On the Christ—the babe so fair.

Let false Christs forever flee,
To the true God bow the knee,
As the Christmas chimes ring free
Of His love from above;
As around the festal board we meet
In home's sacred, sweet retreat,
May the circle be complete
Ever dear, ever near
To each heart its pleasures be,
Where fond souls are true to thee.

EUROPEAN WAR POEMS

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! my native land, farewell !
Whether I return, none, none can tell.
Across a waste of waters wide
I go to stem the battle's tide,
Where Death stalks grim I go to him,
On gory fields, dark, vast and dim.
But like a hero I will fall,
And sweetly smile at Death's dark pall,
With my country's flag a-waving o'er,
Tho' my native land I see no more.

Farewell ! fond mother, and father true,
And sweetheart true as heaven's blue ;
Weep not for me if I should fall,
For Death, you know, does not end all ;
Die like a man I only can,
For life to all is one short span.
I as a loyal son shall be,
True to my country, God and thee,
Let Freedom's flag still o'er me wave,
When I shall find a hero's grave.

Aye! boldly will I meet the foe,
Amid the hellish din and glow
Of thundering cannon, dark and grim,
My trust fixed firmly still in Him
Who rules the earth, the sea, the sky,
To bravely die and yet not die,
For life immortal mine shall be,
In that Blest Land where all are free.
Wave, Freedom's emblem, wave on high,
For your brave sons fear not to die!

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

Away, and away, we sail o'er the main
Of wide, seething waters, with joy in our train.
With hearts ever fearless to do and to dare,
And little for dangers do we have a care,
For brave are our sons, grim death we defy,
For our country and flag we nobly will die,
As onward our vessel speeds over the sea,
Let our hearts be as light as the flag of the free.

CHORUS:

Then drink to the brave,
Who the Nation will save,
And death to the traitor
Who would us enslave.
On, on to the foe,
Meet death with a blow,
As heroes we'll fight
Till in death we're laid low.

Ho, comrades we land on a far foreign soil,
Where roar the cannon, and shells seek their spoil.
Let dastards and cowards in fear ever flee,
But 'tis music, you know, to you and to me.
The grim flashing cannon, the shot and shell,
The fierce lurid fires of a dark seething hell,
We fear not the foe, for soldiers are we,
Who never to mortals will e'er bend the knee.

CHORUS :

Then drink to the brave, etc.

'Tis sweet but to die for the land that we love.
As the flag of the free floats unsullied above.
To win or to die, whiche'er it may be ;
Oh, thou, fair Columbia, our hearts are with thee.
On fields vast and gory, grim death we defy.
Cringe not at his form, tho' his image be nigh.
Then sing us our song tho' it may be the last.
And fear, oh, never, death's withering blast.

CHORUS :

Then drink to the brave, etc.

A WAR SONG

HO, COMRADES! we sail, 'mid tempest and gale,
As Freedom's brave sons, to her ever true,
On foreign shores landing and gallantly standing,
For the Star Spangled Banner,—the Red, White and Blue;
As soldiers e'er brave, we'll ne'er be the slave
Of traitors, or tyrants, or oppressors that sway,
For death we ne'er fear, but with loud, ringing cheer,
We'll conquer or die, till the foe shall give way.

We'll face the iron hail and never will quail,
Tho' pressed by the foe on the vast, gory field,
As our flag floats on high, still rallying we'll cry,
"On, on ye brave comrades, for we never will yield."
Then we'll sail o'er the main to snap asunder the chain,
That hold oppressed people 'neath a despot's proud sway.
To win or to die, for victory we cry,
Tho' we never may see our sweet homes again.

Wave on, "Old Glory," and e'er tell the story
Of your brave sons a-fighting, yet nobly to fall,
While death's missiles are singing, our death-knell a-ringing,
We, without a murmur, will surrender our all.
Farewell to all dear, though death we meet here,
On vast fields of carnage, so grim and so gory;
With the Star Spangled Banner, we'll die in this manner,
And let our brave deeds speak to all of "Old Glory."

SONG OF SONS OF FREEDOM

ALL hail to sweet Freedom ! ye brave sons of toil,
The oppressor, and aggressor, and traitor to foil ;
Ye sinew of our nation, our country's salvation,
And only to God will we give adoration.
As equals we stand 'neath Heaven's high dome,
Defending our nation, our flag, and our home.
Equal justice shall be meted to one and to all,
Regardless of color, to great and to small.

CHORUS :

Then stand to your guns, Freedom's brave, loyal sons,
As floats Freedom's banner, unsullied and true,
The weak e'er defending, to tyrants ne'er bending,
Three cheers once again for the Red, White and Blue.

We cringe to no nation in this world-wide creation,
And spurn fawning vassals with just indignation.
The oppressor shall flee, and tyrants shall quake,
And Justice and Right shall make and unmake.
No line of demarcation in the land of the free,
And only to God will we e'er bend the knee ;
As united we stand, all foes to defy,
As floats our proud banner unsullied on high.

CHORUS : Ther. stand to your guns, etc.

All hail, fair Columbia ! by loyal sons blest,
Where the people shall rule, in peace yet to rest,
From coast unto coast as one we shall be,
And Justice and Right rule the land of the free.

Our soil is e'er sacred, for the blood of our dead,
For Freedom's fair land e'er nobly was shed.
God shield e'er the fair land of the free and the brave,
As floats Freedom's banner o'er each hero's grave.

CHORUS : Then stand to your guns, etc.

GREATEST HERO OF THEM ALL

THE greatest hero of them all,
Is he who conquers passions that enthrall
The restless soul, with power subdue
The evil that men often do :
Quell the dread foes that lurk within
The human heart, so prone to sin ;
Prove a victor o'er the vices of his race,
And ne'er the likeness of his God deface.

The noblest of them all is he
Who, from debasing vices free,
Defends the right, condemns the wrong,
Protects the weak against the strong,
Extends his hand with a smiling face,
Tho' lowly be a brother's place ;
And like the Master when here below,
Bring joy to the haunts of want and woe.

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